

# Zion's Herald.

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## Contents of No. XLII.

	PAGE.
Editorial Paragraphs	493
Here and There (poem), by Lizzie A. Smith; Leaves from the Note-Book of a Traveler, by Prof. Evans; October (poem), by Katy Carlisle; October Woods, by Helen Bruce	494
Camp Meetings, by Rev. E. Manger; It Might as Well be Met; The Poverty of the Poor; Tamerlane's Library; Autumn	495
We are Three (poem), by Frances A. Hanley; Lucy, the Sabbath School Girl, by Rev. A. B. Russell; "Have You not a Heavenly Father?" Enigma. FROM HERE AND THERE. To the End and Back Again	496
Bristles from Forkopolis. OUR BOOK TABLE	497
EDITORIAL.—A Cloud Gathering; Nova Scotia Ramant	498
Jesus Among Publicans and Harlots	499
"The Pool of Blood;" Late Hub Items; Notes; Personal	500
THE METHODIST CHURCH	501
THE CHRISTIAN WORLD. OUR SOCIAL MEETING	502
THE FARM AND GARDEN. THE RIGHTeous DEAD. THE SECULAR WORLD	503
Church Register, Marriages, Deaths, etc.	504

**SPIRITUAL HYDROPATHY.**—St. Paul was willing to be counted a fool for the sake of the truth as it is in Jesus. But when a man is willing to be counted a fool because of his misrepresentation of the truth in the interest of sectarianism, he displays no such eminence of grace. He is simply willing to be counted what he is. A body that ought to be styled "The Society for Perverting of the Scriptures in the Interests of Immersion," has issued a translation of the New Testament, in which they appear ridiculous or wicked, as the sense of the ludicrous or reverence for God's word predominates.

Take a few examples:—"The Pharisee wondered that he did not first immerse himself before dinner." "And coming from the market, except they immerse themselves they do not eat." "They received to hold the immersions of cups and pots, and brazen vessels and couches." These often being very large, so as to accommodate several guests at table, Mr. Carson suggests that they may have been made to be taken apart, so as to be immersed easily. But what a falling off from daily, and perhaps tri-daily, immersions, to one only, and that for a lifetime.

Christ said:—"Ye shall be immersed in the Holy Spirit." Peter made a very bad application of this promise, according to this same translation. "The Holy Spirit fell on them, as on us at the beginning, and I remembered,—it is hard to see why he should—the word of the Lord, how he said, "John indeed immersed in water, but ye shall be immersed in the Holy Spirit." "I will immerse you in fire." A promise never filled. For Peter says the promise to "pour out" was fulfilled at Pentecost, and Christ "poured forth this." "Immersed unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea." We need only to remember that they went on dry ground, and that the cloud was not over but behind them during the passage,—the baptism in the cloud being on other occasions at Seir, Edom, and in the desert generally when they were weary,—to see the propriety of immersing candidates in rubber clothes, or of omitting the contact of water altogether.

"We, who were immersed into Jesus Christ, were immersed into his death." "We were all immersed into one body." That they recoil from no plunge where baptism is concerned, is seen from the translation of 1 Peter iii. 21, "Immersion now saves us." We doubt it. They will certainly require an immersion, or they will be drowned both soul and body, as scholars and as saints.

**THE BLOODIEST PICTURE IN THE PAGE OF TIME.**—Every new outburst of Southern hate is bloodier than its forerunner. From Memphis to New Orleans, from New Orleans to Camilla, were awful strides in malice and murder. This last horror has hardly died upon the ear, and is still echoing fearfully through the heart, when a yet louder scream of agony cuts the air. At Opelousas, Louisiana, three white rebels assaulted an editor. He proceeded to bring action against them in court, whereupon the people became enraged, and spent the whole day in murdering their kindred. A hundred were killed, men, women and children, butch-

ered as sheep wherever they were found, and butchered as unresistingly. How these dear children of our Father suffer in the jaws of these hounds of hell. That South land has become a Red Sea of blood, their own blood, through which they are wading to the seemingly far distant shore of liberty.

"Alas, poor country! Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot be called their mother, but their grave, where nothing But who knows nothing is once seen to smile; Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air Are made; not marked; where violent sorrow seems A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell Is there scarce asked, for whom; and good men's lives Expire before the flowers in their caps, Dying or ere they sicken."

What a record of blood-guiltiness are the consciences of Chase and Fessenden and Trumbull writing out within them for their present and future reproach. Had they been faithful, none of these massacres would have defiled the land with blood. To-day a true man, and not a traitor, would have sat in Washington; and there would have been a Sheridan suppressing barbarities in Louisiana, not a Rousseau encouraging them. The heart of Charles, who ordered the Bartholomew massacre, never failed to affright him with terror, and his dying hours were blackened with this darkest horror. So will these instruments of our St. Bartholomew, now ravaging all the South, fail not to suffer like distress of soul. As for Andrew Johnson and his associates, they are the Pope and Catherine de Medicis who will die as hardened wretches as they are living. Pray for these, your dreadfully suffering brethren and sisters.

**MASSACHUSETTS PROHIBITIONISTS** have the eyes of all friends of this reform fixed upon them. They have a great work to do. With their brothers in Maine they are the only bodies of their belief who are actively fighting the prohibition battle. How deep is this interest, may be seen from this note from the Corresponding Secretary of the British Alliance, Rev. Mr. Barker, to the Rev. Mr. Dunn, of this city:

I am looking with intense interest to the issue of the great struggle in the Old Bay State between the forces arrayed on one side for license, and the forces on the other side that are being arrayed for prohibition. It is of unutterable moment to us in the Old Country that the friends of prohibition persevere and prevail. The eyes of our leading politicians are now being directed to the struggle, and it is evident that public opinion on this side will be very much guided and moulded, favorably or adversely, according as the struggle in Massachusetts shall eventuate in triumph or defeat of the policy of license or of prohibition. Tell the temperance men, the noble sons of temperance, that they are fighting a battle not only for New England, but for Old England; indeed, for the whole world and for all time. Every blow they strike, every advance they make, is a blow struck and an advance made for the universal cause of truth, temperance, progress. May God bless the noble men and women of the grand Old Bay State, and make them more than congresses—heroes of a well fought fight and victors in a glorious triumph.

**THE ESSEX DISTRICT** contest for member of Congress should bring the State to remove one impediment from its Constitution. Neither of the candidates, Gen. Butler or R. H. Dana, jr., are legal residents of the district. The State Constitution forbids any one from representing a district who lives out of it. Necessity has conquered this folly. And as no one brings the case before the Supreme Court, the defect is not felt. It is time that it was changed. The Transcript says the General has "encamped" in that district. Mr. Dana has marched in also from his own territory, and the battle is to be fought between radicalism and conservatism on this field, by outside generals leading inside citizens. Now if Wade Hampton could be brought forward by the party he led at New York, as their candidate, and each could bring his followers with him, the contest would be most lively and interesting. As it stands, the sympathies of the true progressive men are with the hero of New Orleans and Impeachment.

Mr. Dana offered resolutions in the last Legislature approving of the course of Mr. Fessenden. This is as much worse than Gen. Butler's theories of finance, as human life is more precious than gold. Even Butler's financial theory, he has shown in a most cutting letter, his chief antagonist, Mr. Atkinson, has practically endorsed. He is a much more reliable guide than Mr. Dana, whose record has been steadily against progressive measures since the opening of the war. He does

not advocate negro suffrage. He would be a reactionist in Congress as he has been in the prohibition measures in this State. The people will greatly regret it if Gen. Butler is defeated.

*The Methodist Protestant* (Baltimore) is greatly shocked because a poem in THE HERALD spoke approvingly of a slave mother's killing her child rather than have it returned to slavery! We are not responsible for the utterances of our contributors, but we would ask *The Protestant* if it would not have published Macaulay's *Virginian*, had it been sent to it as an original contribution? And he killed his daughter to prevent her becoming a slave. Also, does its editor know whether he would have preferred to have his daughter sold as a slave to the Southern market, to the fate which Margaret Garner and millions more knew too well, or have her die by her mother's hand? Until we put ourselves in the horrors of that hell which has raged around these children of our Father for so many years, we are not competent to sit in judgment upon their efforts to extricate themselves from that pit, even by such violent means. How one of its victims should escape from a system of wrong that hung John Brown and shot Abraham Lincoln, and murdered a half million of our best and bravest before it would die, is not to be decided by those that during its rule never condemned it, and now it is dead do not exult over its destruction.

**A WISE remark** this of Dr. Eddy's:

Is there not at times too little direct effort for the awakening and conversion of souls, and undue concentration of effort upon the church. I can but believe that nothing so leads the church near to Christ and into his pure Spirit, as earnest, persistent, prayerful efforts to "seek and save that which is lost."

Every service ought to have some appeal to the unconverted, and one half the sermons every Sunday should be addressed to them. Camp meetings are never so profitable as when the Christians forget themselves in their desire to save sinners. Introspection is not the way to health. Exercising for it seldom secures it. Forgetting self in our duties makes one grow in bodily and spiritual life. That missionary was not unwise in the things of God, who on being asked what was the state of his soul, answered, "I have been so busy in trying to save others, that I have almost forgotten for years that I had any soul." The zeal of Thy house, not my own, every one should say, hath eaten me up.

*The Watchman and Reflector* calls Mr. Punshon "the Methodist Cicero." No one should fail to hear him. It will be the treat of the season. This is his only appearance in Boston or vicinity this fall or winter. He is pledged to try to raise \$150,000 for Victoria College, the Dominion government having withdrawn an annual appropriation of \$5,000. Gentlemen from England say they would give ten dollars to hear him, if they could not get a ticket cheaper. Those who delay may have to pay that yet.

**THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRIENNIAL CONVENTION** opened its session last Thursday with a sermon by Bishop Lee, of Delaware. He took the low church side of the controversy. He declared in favor of simplicity in worship, saying that if the Episcopal Church is not Protestant it has no business to be a church at all, and if the Ritualists wished to follow the sacerdotal service they knew where to find it in ripe perfection. They can find it in Trinity Church itself where this Convention is held, as perfectly ripe as at St. Patrick's. His views did not please the Convention any more than Dr. Bellows did the Unitarian body, and it was with difficulty that the regular vote for publishing was passed.

Nineteen Republicans were assassinated in Columbia County, Arkansas, within ten days. One man was shot with eleven bullets for shouting for General Grant.

PORTLAND has more taxable property to-day than before the fire; so much better are the new buildings than the old.

## HERE AND THERE.

BY LIZZIE A. SMITH.

Here, bliss is short, imperfect, insecure;  
 But tota', absolute, and perfect there.  
 Here, time's a moment, short our happiest state,  
 There, infinite duration is our date.  
 Here Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the best;  
 There Satan's power extends not to the blest.  
 In a weak, simple body, here I dwell;  
 But there I drop this frail and sickly shell.  
 Here, my best thoughts are stained with guilt and fear,  
 But love and pardon shall be perfect there.  
 Here, my best duties are defiled with sin;  
 There, all is holiness and peace within.  
 Here, feeble faith supplies my only light;  
 There, e' faith and hope are swallowed up in sight.  
 Here, love of self my fairest works destroys,  
 There, love of God shall perfect all my joys.  
 Here, things, as in a glass, are darkly shown,  
 There, I shall know as clearly as I'm known.  
 Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below;  
 There, freshest palms on roots immortal grow.  
 Here, wants and cares perplex my anxious mind;  
 But spirits there a calm fruition find.  
 Here, disappointments my best schemes destroy;  
 There, those that sowed in tears shall reap in joy.  
 Here, vanity is stamped on all below;  
 Perfection there, from every good shall grow.  
 Here, my fond heart is fastened on some friend.  
 Whose kindness may, whose life must, have an end:  
 But there, no failure can I ever prove,  
 God cannot disappoint, for God is Love.  
 Here, Christ for sinners suffered, toiled and bled;  
 But there He reigns, the great triumphant Head.  
 Here, mocked and scourged, He wore a crown of thorns;  
 A crown of glory there His brow adorns.  
 Here, error clouds the will and dims the sight;  
 There all is knowledge, purity and light.  
 Here, so imperfect is this mortal state,  
 If blest myself, I mourn some other's fate.  
 At every human wo I here repine;  
 The joy of every saint shall there be mine.  
 Here, if I lean, the world shall pierce my heart;  
 But there that broken reed and I shall part.  
 Here, on no promised good can I depend,  
 But there, the Rock of Ages is my friend.  
 Here, if some sudden joy delight inspire  
 The dread to lose it damps the rising fire.  
 But there, whatever good the soul employ,  
 The thought that 'tis eternal crowns the joy.

## LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELER.

BY PROF. EVANS.

CHESTER, ENGLAND.

I had thought of Chester as a relic of the past, lying asleep within the shelter of its dilapidated walls, and only half awaking during the occasional excitement of a cattle market or a cheese fair. But behold! it is a large and prosperous city, a centre of railroads, a mart of trade; and the Roman walls, repaired and carefully kept, serve as a delightful promenade midway between the closely built streets of the old town, and the beautiful suburbs that have gradually grown up on every side.

One is not disappointed, however, in the expectation of finding specimens of the quaint structures of an older time. The narrow streets in some parts of the city are crowded with low wooden houses built in the "post-and-pan" style; that is, with the beams and rafters left on the outside, and the spaces between filled in with hard plaster. The roofs are sharp-pointed and full of little windows, while the front casement extends nearly the whole width of the second story. This second story usually projects over the sidewalk, and is upheld by wooden posts, thus furnishing an open porch to the ground floor, and giving the effect of a house on stilts.

The people of Chester deserve all praise for the taste they display in architectural matters, and for the pains they take to save from utter ruin the decaying edifices of past days. Many of their costliest modern buildings follow exactly the fashion of the old; their high-pointed gables face the street, the fronts are elaborately carved, and the windows made in casements, while all the improvements with respect to light, heat and ventilation, render these picturesque houses enjoyable. A noteworthy example of this kind is the Grosvenor Hotel, and we would advise the traveler who wishes to visit a public house in all respects a decided contrast to the noisy, showy, fashionable hotels of the present day, to refresh himself with the quaint beauty and quiet elegance of this unique establishment. The house is large, standing upon the site of a very ancient inn, and following the general design of the former building. It encloses a square, laid out in flower beds, which are filled with exotics, the sheltered situation enabling these delicate plants to flourish in the open air. The floor of the entrance hall is beautifully tiled, having as a centre-piece an elaborate representation of the arms of the house of Grosvenor, the great family of the county, of which the Marquis of Westminster is the head. The grand staircase is very handsome, and in both of the upper stories the chambers open into a

spacious gallery. On the second floor is the Assembly Room, preserved as it stood in the original building; and I stood in the doorway for some time, looking around upon its gilded panels and polished floor, and imagining scenes of festivity that for many generations had made its empty echoes vocal with sweet sounds. Whenever I passed the door (which sometimes stood ajar), the thought of that deserted hall threw an air of solemnity over the pleasant surroundings and busy cheerfulness of the great hotel, such as we feel on entering a house where there is one dead.

Everybody has heard of the Chester Rows, but it is not easy to convey a correct idea of this distinguishing feature of the town to one who has never been there. Throughout the length of the four principal streets the houses on both sides have the front part of the second story left open, like a piazza. In some instances this open court is only the width of the sidewalk below; in others, it is like an ample chamber. In the older buildings the balustrade and pillars are often curiously carved, the ceiling low, and the shops small and dark; in the more recent erections the enclosure is light and airy, and the shops display their tempting stores through full-length windows of plate glass. The houses being of unequal heights and various styles, the Rows partake of the same variety, and one occasionally goes up or down a few steps to another level, while, at convenient distances, flights of stairs at one side communicate with the shops and street below. There are several handsome bridges, which enable the foot passenger to cross to the opposite Rows without descending to the street, and at two points one can pass from the Rows to the Roman walls, which are at nearly the same level. Thus in Chester there are two stories of shops in the four central streets; and the upper walk has the advantage of entire protection from inclement weather. Many of the houses which form the Rows are inhabited by families, and are not used as shops, in which case the open court makes an agreeable outer room or porch, where the inmates can see all that is going on without too great an interruption to their privacy. This unique arrangement of the Rows gives a highly picturesque effect to the principal streets of Chester; an effect which is increased by the long lines of sharp-pointed roofs and projecting eaves, and the abundance of ornamentation on the fronts of the buildings. One old house is paneled with scripture stories carved in wood; another bears upon the lower beam the inscription, "God's Providence is Mine Inheritance." This house has been rebuilt, but the architect used all the old wood in the reconstruction, and the inscription is said to have been originally placed by the owner in gratitude for the fact that his home was the only one in the town which escaped the plague of 1648.

The walls extend for about two miles in circumference, and are nearly square, having at the four corners the remains of four towers. The walk in most places allows two persons to walk abreast, and there is a parapet on each side, making it a safe and pleasant promenade. The views from some points are very fine; one looks over green meadows, wooded hills, and the diversified scenery of noble parks to the blue outline of the Welsh mountains; on the other hand is the River Dee, its waters flashing in the sunlight, and spanned by a massive bridge of a single arch. Now the wall turns towards the luxuriant fields of the Water Gate, and by and by we pass under the frowning battlements of the castle, doubly strengthened since the recent incursion of the Fenians.

St. John's Church is a time-worn edifice, and, old as it is, was built in part with the remains of one still more ancient. The Priory adjoining is a beautiful ruin, where the ivy clings around the broken towers, and tall grass and daisies nod from the irregular openings that were once gorgeous windows. The grounds, thickly shaded with immense trees, extend to the Dee; and the contrast is very striking between the silent repose of the deserted Priory and the gay life of the river side, where troops of young people saunter up and down the broad avenues, or tramp across the echoing bridge to the opposite meadows, while the boatmen shoot by in their slender wherries, enlivening the sunset hour with the excitement of a race.

Chester Cathedral is one of the noblest buildings of its kind in the kingdom. It is of various dates of erection and various styles of architecture. The site has been occupied for religious purposes from a very early period, the Romans having first built a Pagan temple here, which was superseded in the second century of the Christian era by a monastery. The choir of the present cathedral is rich in carvings of wood and stone, and throughout the edifice there are valuable relics of art in the form of windows, monuments and tombs. The cloisters are peculiarly beautiful, both in the views they disclose from their broken mullions of the green yard and ivy-clad walls of the Cathedral, and

also in the view they present when seen from the opposite wall. We waited in a side aisle while a procession of the clergy and choristers passed from the vestry into the choir to officiate at the daily service. At a distance the spectacle was rather imposing, as the costumes were varied, and the long train of moving figures showed to advantage under the lofty arches of the roof, and among the clustered pillars and ornamental tombs of the aisles. But as they approached nearer we could not fail to perceive that the robes of the snub-nosed, shock-headed boys were decidedly dirty, while the priests wore an indifferent, weary expression, as though they realized with ourselves that the time had gone by when such formalities in worship could answer to any spiritual need of either clergy or laity. As we left the ancient pile the deep tones of the organ were echoing along the vaulted roof, and we heard them far down the narrow street that led to the noble Market Hall, where we found a throng of men and women bearing the burden and the heat of the day; living, more or less earnestly, the life that now is, instead of dreaming, more or less unprofitably, about the life that is to come.

## OCTOBER.

BY KATY CARLISLE.

O loveliest month! Her mantle brown  
 Queen Autumn, matron sober,  
 Hath doffed, to greet with robe and crown  
 Her royal child October.

The East Wind spares his arrows keen;  
 The skies bend smiling o'er her;  
 And fresh as April's own bright green  
 The grasses spread before her.

The Elms were fading ere she came;  
 But Maple armies nightly  
 Fling out new banners red as flame,  
 And gold-embazoned brightly.

Their princess come, they marshal forth,—  
 Bright legions, sworn to aid her,  
 Don glittering mail, and shield her Earth  
 From Winter, fierce invader.

The Harvest heaps her banquet board  
 With purple fruits and golden,  
 And,—harmless wine!—her airs are poured  
 From heaven's blue goblet olden.\*

At eve her tents October spreads,  
 Of mist and sun-gold blending;  
 They purple o'er her warrior's heads  
 Like dove-wings soft descending.

O Queen of months! I marvel not  
 The heavens are bright above thee;  
 For me, I may not speak my thought,  
 Nor half my cause to love thee!

Now in thy bosom, beauteous Earth,  
 Safe from my sorrow, hide me;  
 There wild sweet creatures, born to mirth,  
 Shall nestle close beside me.

So shall I 'scape December's cold,  
 November's dreary weeping,  
 Nor feel the winter's shrouding fold  
 About my place of sleeping.

I'll wake where God's unending year  
 In beauty still shall robe her;  
 Where none need darker season fear  
 Than earth's most bright October!

\* Some poet likens the sky to a goblet overturned.

## OCTOBER WOODS.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

The nuts are falling all around like rain. Happy times for the squirrels. No velvet carpet is needed for these forest aisles—no stained windows ever matched the splendor of the rustling curtains 'over head. Look at these tufted seats. Are not these mosses magnificent? Spring cushions are not wanted here. Hush—listen to the confidential talk the trees have with one another; hear the small whispers that the leaves make among themselves, and to the little twigs on which they grow. Are your ears open to the voices of the pleasant woods? It takes but a few moments of stillness there to enable one to obtain the confidences of the forest. The birds that hide in the branches at any unwonted tread, and the thousand little nimble-footed creatures that frisk and play with leaves, and curling tendrils of low plants, and with the flitting shadows, creep cautiously from their covert, and peeping out, conclude that what sits so very still will never hurt them, and the witching frolic and the wild, sweet song, all the sweeter for the touch of melancholy, that is in it, are renewed, and in three minutes you may see and hear, the forest as it is. Birds sing and call just over your head; mice and squirrels skip and chip and squeal close at your feet; perhaps a rabbit hops past you, or a fox pokes his peaked nose at you, and gazes at you with his almost human eyes. Bid ever notice the face of a fox? It is a face to be proud of, and if Reynard's heart was half as beautiful, "Fox" would be no term of reproach. Ah, Reynard, yours is not

the only beautiful face that covers a mean and sneaking spirit—yours are not the only human looking eyes that are lit up by a false soul. There is a universal murmur and hum, there is universal and constant motion in the forest. Every fern leaf,—every brake takes part in it; and as they whisper, their fragrant breath rises, and mingling with the breath of the musical foliage above them, offers up to the skies a perfume more exquisite than any that mortal can extract from rarest flowers. But, like the most delicious wines of Italy, this perfume cannot be transported; to inhale it, one must needs go to the forest and sit down among the tranquill, but never silent things that whisper and sigh it forth. Cool, sweet, secluded October wood! There is refreshment in thy shade, thy crystal springs, thy dripping mosses, and thy lulling and mysterious sounds; refreshment to the victim of toil in the reeking, pent up city. Reader, didst ever on a blazing summer day call up a picture of the woods? Not an imitation wood, situated near some large city, and impregnated by city picnic parties and by tobacco smoke; but a real forest, fragrant and cool, solemn and grand? If such an effort of the imagination did not set your soul to yearning within you, nothing ever will.

Long may our forests wave upon our hills—should there not be laws made to protect them? There has long been, in all directions, such reckless waste that even now there is frequent barrenness where once was beauty and verdure. It is *somebody's* duty to see to it that our noble and useful forests be not all cut away, and so our land became desolate as Palestine.

#### CAMP MEETINGS.

BY REV. CHARLES MUNGER.

Camp meetings are a fixture in Methodism. How shall we make the most of them? It appears to me that no camp meeting should be held that is not so governed as to preserve the proprieties of God's worship. It is more than a blunder to call the people together and allow them to be exposed to the vulgarity and blasphemy of a drunken mob. When there was no law to protect us it was different. Now there are laws in nearly every State framed for the purpose of preventing everything offensive to the Christian sense. A suitable police force with due care can easily make all our camp meetings, what most of them now are, not only seasons of spiritual profit but places of order and decorum.

It is a serious mistake to expose a tent's company to the inconvenience of rain by negligence in the preparations. Some carelessly throw a slimsy cotton covering over a few poles, and half draw it, and leave the company to the consequences. If it rains they are of necessity wet, and many thus needlessly exposed, do not like camping, and not to blame either. They ought not to like such slovenly company as that. If the society would provide a covering suitable, either of wood or of cloth, which should be double, then they would be comfortable, and more would like camp meetings.

How shall we meet the growing demand for a longer term than the three or four days usually enjoyed. The present plan of closing on Saturday appears a necessity to save the Sabbath; and yet it is felt to be very poor economy and a great misfortune. Monday goes to the tents. If it rains Monday, Tuesday goes the same way, leaving Wednesday and Thursday, and by Friday many begin to leave, some of necessity.

Is there no remedy? The plan adopted by "Round Lake Camp," near Saratoga, and reported in THE HERALD of the 17th of September, is worthy of the most thoughtful consideration. The plan, as reported by Rev. Dr. Wentworth, was to picket the grounds by a suitable fence, and ticket admission. The result was, says he, such order as I never saw at a camp before. But another feature proposed is "to advertise that there will be no services for the outside public on Sunday. That on that day the gates will be closed to all who are not on the ground Saturday night to remain till Monday." To this feature of the plan there can be no objections. We have the right to do it. It will allow us to hold over the Sabbath without Sabbath desecration. It will very naturally augment the interest and profit of Sabbath services, and render our camp meetings more valuable than ever. Will not the committees and associations having charge of these things, as well as the friends of camp meetings in general, take this into consideration, and by this or a better plan secure to the church a longer term.

#### IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME.

We published a few weeks since a fine poem by Fhebe Carey, on an incident which is thus told by Anna Dickinson, in her "What Answer?" Jim, a fugitive, had rescued some runaway prisoner, from Andersonville, and had found his way to camp, and obtained a squad

to go and bring in their comrades. "They take them on board and begin to pull for home."

The tide was going out, and the river low; that, with the heavily laden boat, made their progress lingering; a fact which distressed them all, as they knew the night to be almost spent, and that the shores were so lined with batteries, open and masked, and the country about so scoured by rebels, as to make it almost sure death to them if they were not beyond the lines before the morning broke.

The water was steadily and perceptibly ebbing,—the rowing growing more and more insecure,—the danger becoming imminent.

"Ease her off, there! ease her off!" cried the Captain,—as a harsh, gravelly sound smote on his ear, and at the same moment a shot whizzed past them, showing that they were discovered,—"ease her off," there! or we're stuck!"

The warning came too late,—indeed, could not have been obeyed, had it come earlier. The boat struck; her bottom grating hard on the wet sand.

"Great God! she's on a bar," cried Coolidge, and the tide's running out, fast."

"Yes, and them rebs are safe enough from our fire," said one of the men.

A few scattering shot fell about them.

"They're going to make their mark on us, anyway," put in another.

"And we can't send 'em anything in return, blast 'em!" growled a third.

"That's the worst of it," broke out a fourth, "to be shot at like a rat in a hole."

All said in a breath, and the balls by this time falling thick and fast,—a fiery, awful rain of death. The men were no cowards, and the captain was brave enough; but what could they do? To stand up was but to make figure-heads at which the concealed enemy could fire with ghastly certainty; to fire in return was to waste their ammunition in the air. The men flung themselves face foremost on the deck, silent and watchful.

Through it all Jim had been sitting crouched over his oar. He, unarmed, could not have fought had the chance offered; breaking out, once and again, into the solemn-sounding chant which he had been singing when he came up in his boat the evening before:—

"O my soul arise in heaven, Lord, for yearde when Jordan roll,

Roll Jordan, roll Jordan, roll Jordan roll,"—

the words falling in with the sound of the water as it lapsed from them.

"Stop that infernal noise, will you?" cried one of the men, impatiently. The noise stopped.

"Hush, Harry,—don't swear!" expostulated another, beside whom was lying a man mortally wounded.

"This is awful! 't ain't like going in fair and square, on your chance."

"That's so,—it's enough to make a fellow pray," was the answer.

Here Russell, putting up his hand, took hold of Jim's brawny black one with a gesture gentle as a woman's. It hurt him to hear his faithful friend even spoken to harshly. All this, while the hideous shower of death was dropping about them; the water was ebbing, ebbing,—falling and running out fast to sea, leaving them higher and drier on the sands; the gray dawn was steadily brightening into day.

At this fearful pass a sublime scene was enacted. "Sirs?" said a voice,—it was Jim's voice, and in it sounded something so earnest and strange, that the men involuntarily turned their heads to look at him. Then this man stood up,—a black man,—a little while before a slave,—the great muscles swollen and gnarled with unpaid toil, the marks of the lash and branding-iron yet plain upon his person, the shadows of a lifetime of wrongs and sufferings looking out of his eyes. "Sirs!" he said, simply, "somebody's got to die to get us out of dis, and it may as well be me,"—plunged overboard, put his toil-hardened shoulders to the boat; a struggle, a gasp, a mighty wrench,—pushed it off clear; then fell, face foremost, pierced by a dozen bullets. Free at last!

#### THE POVERTY OF THE POOR.

Oliver Dyer, the author of the article entitled "The Wickedest Man in New York," in a late lecture on the poor of that city, told these true tales of their dreadful destitution. It seems impossible to believe that such are common sights in a Christian city.

A poor sewing woman in Fish Street I found plying her needle in the open air. It was a bitter day, yet her dress consisted of but one thin garment, and her head and neck and feet were bare. Down in her dark and cold room, under ground, was her babe, a mere skeleton. A little boy of five years was rocking the cradle, and amusing the child by jingling two tin cups, through the handles of which he had thrust his thin arms. The mother was obliged to sew outside, for there was no light within, and medicine and food for her suffering children had to be earned. She told me that when times were good she could earn \$4 a week, that she paid \$1.25 for her room, and that when her little ones required much of her time, or when work was scarce, or when she fell in with the cold, it was hard to keep alive. A woman in Tenth Street, with two children, one paralyzed from the hips downward, worked out by the day; no family, not even the best Christian family in our city, wishes to have the serving woman's children in their house, she was forced to leave them at home. When she started out to work, she would place upon the floor a bowl of water and a plate of broken bread to supply her children's wants during the day, and, locking them in, would leave them till evening came and her toil was over. This poor creature

earned just enough to pay her rent and to provide her little family with their needed food.

One day in the dead of winter I noticed near the City Hall a little girl on crutches selling penny songs. I accosted the child, and asked her why she was thus engaged: "To get bread for my sick mother," was the reply. With the little cripple as my guide, I found my way to her home, a wretched cellar in the filthiest part of the Fourth Ward. Passing through the subterranean apartment, crowded with abject creatures of both sexes, I groped my way into another, into which no light penetrated, and no air, except the noisome vapor from the cell in front. I struck a light, and to my gaze was revealed a most sickening sight. In the middle of a room, reeking with filth, the walls oozing with damp, the fetid atmosphere almost too thick to breathe, lay a woman of middle age, dying by inches, with a most loathsome disease. I left the place trying hard to induce the child to go with me, but she would not leave her mother. In a few days, after receiving every attention from kind-hearted women, the poor wretch died. Her body was properly prepared for burial; but during the night thieves came in, cut the hair from the head of the corpse, stripped it of the clothing in which it had been robbed, and left it covered only with a ragged and dirty counterpane. A wake was held by the miserable inmates of the den, and in their orgies they rolled the body over the floor till it reached the feet of the crippled child now almost paralyzed with fear. Her screams attracted the attention of the people in the street, and a gentleman who entered with the crowd, carried her to the Howard Mission, from which institution she was sent not long ago to a good home.

#### TAMERLANE'S LIBRARY.

A great treasure is awaiting the literary public from Bokhara, lately conquered by the Russians. *The Anti-Slavery Standard* thus describes it:

Samarcand is, or rather was, the capital of Independent Tartary. It was once the seat of a powerful empire, and of most extended learning. Tamerlane, who long reigned there, gave free encouragement to learning, institutions for the pursuit of which were, for a long time, both numerous and extensive in this city. The Persian and the Arabic languages were alike employed by teachers and authors here. The well-known astronomer, Ulug Beg, was a grandson of Tamerlane, and was educated here. In a word, Samarcand was a celebrated university for eastern science; and even so late as the last century, had still a flourishing school for Mohammedan literature and science.

Tamerlane, who died in 1405, and whose tomb is at Samarcand, made it a point in all his conquests, to collect and send to his capital, all the books and writings that fell in his way. These he did not destroy, but caused them to be deposited in the castle, with strict orders that none should ever be removed, and that all examination of them should be rigidly prohibited. This collection, of indefinite amount, and necessarily of the most mixed character, was thus deposited in the castle, and the monarch dying and leaving his order as a religious injunction unrepented, the keepers of these hidden treasures have still guarded them, as at the first.

In the year 1845, we read, in some of the Paris journals an announcement of the return, to that city, of a Frenchman, from long rambles in Turkey, Tartary, etc. The better to favor his views, and to protect his person, he had adopted the Mohammedan religion, and taken orders as a priest of that faith. So successful was he in all this, that he everywhere passed as a native Turk, and was fully respected in his office, which brought to him all the privileges pertaining thereto. Familiar with the title which history had divulged in regard to this deposit of books, he visited Samarcand with the view of learning what he could respecting it. He found that members of the priesthood, alone, were ever admitted within the ponderous walls of the castle where these books were stored, and this only for a single hour each. He made the entry, and spent his brief hour among these books. Of course he could read none, and even open very few in that time. All the account he could give was that the quantity was very vast, varying greatly in size, and that they were for the most part piled, without order or regularity upon the floors. Some ten years subsequent to this publication, about 1855, the Paris Press sent forth another announcement, differing from this only in some unimportant details. This account relates to a similar visit to great book depository; but whether it has reference to the same individual or to another, seems wholly unimportant here.

#### AUTUMN.

Pomifer Autumnus fruges effunderit; et mox  
Bruma recurrit iners.

So wrote Horace—

Appled Autumn his fruits will have shed forth, and then  
Dearth and winter once more.

This day we enter the "Appled Autumn"—the season of plenty, as the word Autumn implies. We must seize its golden hours quickly, for they will soon be past. Our British bard of the Seasons seems to have had his eye upon the Horatian lines when he wrote:

Thy sober Autumn fading into age,  
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
And shuts the scene.

How many of us have reached the sober autumn of life! Well for us if it is stored with "the fruits of righteousness," which are by Christ Jesus to the glory and praise of God. Then when the winter of death shall come, we shall gather them into the everlasting garner.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

## WE ARE THREE.

BY FRANCES A. HANLEY.

We were three! a friendly trio,  
Gathered in our little room,  
Cheerful fire and close-drawn curtains  
Shut us from the outside gloom.  
Though the rain might fall in torrents,  
All within was warm and bright,  
Cheerful hearts and smiling faces  
On that chill October night.

We were three! the pleasant hours  
Passed unheeded in their flight,  
Till the silence all around us  
Shows 'twas far into the night.  
Then with reverent act and feeling  
Every head is bowed in prayer,  
Asking for our Father's blessing,  
And His kind, protecting care.

We are three! O may our friendship  
Stronger grow unto the end,  
Each one learning the deep meaning  
In the sacred name of friend.  
We are three, but life is passing,  
Soon to one rest may be given;  
Then with quivering lip we'll falter,  
"We are two, and one in heaven."

We are three, but God will call us  
Where our labors here are done;  
O how desolate and lonely  
When we number only one.  
Let us live, that altogether  
On the banks of life's fair sea  
We may meet, and sing His praises  
By whose grace we still are three.  
Saccarappa, Me., Oct. 10.

## LUCY, THE SABBATH SCHOOL GIRL.

BY REV. A. R. RUSSELL.

A few years ago the authorities of the N. H. Conference appointed one of its members as a missionary in one of our large manufacturing towns in the southern part of the State. He gathered a large congregation from among those who had no stated means of grace elsewhere, and among them more than a hundred little children. Their place of meeting was the Town Hall, which would seat when well packed quite seven hundred persons. At this place hundreds gathered from Sabbath to Sabbath to hear the word of life as it was dispensed by this servant of God. The most interesting department of this work of love was the Sabbath School, which was large and flourishing all the year round. Lucy, one of the scholars, was a pale, feeble girl of nine years, who occupied a seat with a class of little girls in the back part of the hall.

Of her former history we know nothing. Our first acquaintance with her was at the time she was first seen in her class. Week after week, through summer and winter, in fair weather, rain or snow, she came and joined her little classmates, to listen to the faithful instructions of her teacher, and blend her mild and feeble voice in singing those little hymns which stirred the hearts of so many little ones, and moistened the cheek of age.

Always feeble in health from her birth, she soon broke down under the hand of that dreaded disease, the consumption. It has no respect for persons, not even for childish innocence. Confined to her room and bed, she had the consolation that Jesus was present with her. She had a presentiment from the first that she must die; and when this was confirmed by her physician, she manifested no disquietude, but would converse freely about Jesus, of whom she had been taught in the Sabbath School by her teacher. When told that she was rapidly approaching her end, she requested that her teacher and classmates be called to her room. She talked freely with them, especially with her teacher, discoursing like one of maturer years upon the love of Jesus, who said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." She took each of her classmates affectionately by the hand, bade them farewell, and requested them to meet her in heaven. She then addressed her teacher, thanking her for her kind instruction and faithfulness in pointing her to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, bade her farewell, until teacher and scholar should meet where

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death  
Are felt and feared no more."

A little later she called her parents (neither of whom were professors), and besought them with tears to prepare to join her in the better land. Then she exclaimed, "I am going to be with Jesus," and departed to his loving arms.

Little children who may chance to read this story will see how the child dies who loves Jesus, who has gone to prepare a place for you also.

"And many dear children are gathering there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## "HAVE YOU NOT A HEAVENLY FATHER?"

The Rev. Samuel Kilpin gives the following account of his son:

On one occasion, when he had offended me, I deemed it right to manifest displeasure; and when he asked a question about the business of the day, I was short and reserved in my answers to him. An hour or more elapsed. The time was nearly arrived when he was to repeat his lessons. He came into my study, and said, "Papa, I cannot learn my lessons except you are reconciled: I am very sorry I have offended you; I hope you will forgive me; I think I shall never offend again."

I replied, "All I want is to make you sensible of your fault; when you acknowledge it, you know I am easily reconciled with you."

"Then, Papa," said he, "give me the token of reconciliation, and seal it with a kiss." The hand was given, and the seal most heartily exchanged on each side.

"Now," exclaimed the dear boy, "I will learn Greek and Latin with anybody;" and was hastening to his study.

"Stop, stop," I called after him; "have you not a heavenly Father? If what you have done has been evil, He is displeased, and you must apply to Him for forgiveness."

With tears starting in his eyes, he said, "Papa, I went to Him first; I know that, except He was reconciled, I could do nothing." As the tears fast rolled down his cheeks, he added, "I hope, I hope He has forgiven me; and now I am happy!" I never had occasion to speak to my boy again in tones of disapprobation.

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMA, NO. 37.

I am composed of 61 letters.

My 57, 17, 24 is a tree spoken of in Psalms.

My 28, 35, 52, 8, 42, 31, 5 are made of glass.

My 49, 43, 9 is a rule of action.

My 27, 48, 25, 55, 1, 60, 2, 14, 46 was the field in which Abraham was buried.

My 33, 47, 30, 15, 4, 11, 25, 51 is the ruler of a fourth part of a State.

My 37, 23, 11, 53, 45 was the son of Antipater.

My 27, 6, 41, 19, 61, 39, 56, 20 was King of Judah.

My 12, 58, 50, 37, 43, 7 is where Joseph was sold.

My 18, 3, 52 is a verb.

My 59, 10, 22, 16 is not some.

My 38, 29, 54, 20, 56, 15 was the daughter of Abihail.

My 30, 26, 11, 27, 9, 21, 40, 45 is a poisonous plant.

My 13, 28, 5, 41, 2 is what we all have.

My 34, 21 is a preposition.

My whole is a proverb.

SARAH E. SOULE.

Answer to Bible Recreation.

"John the Baptist."

## FROM HERE AND THERE.

**THE KISSOMETER.**—One of the most peculiar arrangements in connection with gas has been christened the "Kissometer." By driving gas under pressure through a long, but fine burner, a very slender flame some two feet high is obtained. This, from some cause yet unexplained, is sensitive to the slightest sharp or sibilant sound, even at long distances. Jingle a bunch of keys at the other end of a long room and the flame will dodge as if shot, lowering to only eight or ten inches in height. If you stand near and talk to it, it will remain perfectly quiet till you happen to pronounce the S, when down it goes. As yet, it is an unexplained curiosity, and the only practical application proposed is that it should be used by anxious mothers to sound the number of kisses between the young folks in the parlor, for kisses are articles of which it seems to be peculiarly afraid.

Art thou zero—then to zero  
All thy ancestors amount,  
Stand thou at their head, a unity  
And thy ancestors shall count.

Zeros with a unit at their head,  
Grow to hundred, millions what you will;  
If by one they choose not to be led,  
Million zeros are but zeros still.

**BONES.**—The enemies of the Bible keep up a great ado over human bones in geological formations supposed to be older than Adam. These stories are all fishy; some of them palpably fallacious, and the best by no means certain. It is very difficult to tell the date of particular geological deposits. "Science" has made glaring mistakes in such matters, and will probably make many more. Until very lately it was supposed that "drift" was much older than Adam. Now, we are told that the drift of the Sacramento valley, in no way distinguishable from hundreds of miles of European drift, is not seven years old. The mastodon, whose company has given pre-Adamite antiquity to some human bones, is now proved to have existed on the earth a long while since Adam. The famous California skeleton, again, might quite conceivably have fallen into the position where it was found. The Lord of Revelation allows infidelity a long string, that there may be some scope for Faith.—*Christian Union.*

**JOSH BILLINGS.**—It strains a man's philosophic the wist kind few laf when he gits beat.

All of us complain ov the shortness of life, yet we awt waste more time than we use.

Don't mistake arroganse for wisdom; menny people hev thought tha wuz wise when tha waz onla windy.

The principal difference between a luxury and the necessity is the price.

Whenever the soul is in grief, it is taking root, and when it is in smiles, it is taking wing.

## TO THE END AND BACK.

We must not, of course, speak of what has been so eloquently described to the readers of THE HERALD, for that would be "line upon line." But, then, what has been left us? The character and construction of this great highway of the nations; the country, with its bluffs and mountain-peaks and plains and valleys; the herds of antelope, and imaginary wolves and elk and buffalo and ostrich, the rivers,—Platte, North Platte, South Platte and all the other Plattes; the imperceptible ascent of the rocky range until an altitude of 8281 feet is gained; Cheyenne, with its gateways to perdition; Laramie, with its beautiful health-giving plain, and a thousand other things of interest,—all these have passed before us in editorial panoramic brilliancy. But something we must say, for we have been there, a hundred and fifty miles nearer Paradise,—we mean Salt Lake,—than the editor went.

## OUR COMPANY.

Rev. B. F. Crary, D.D., Rev. B. St. James Frye, Rev. Mr. Notts and myself made up the company. The Dr. interested us with accounts of his Indian expeditions; Bro. Frye enlightened us on the geology of the country, and Bro. Notts and myself did the best we could to listen, and thus keep up the interest. It was a delightful trip.

## MOUNTAINS.

We were greatly disappointed in not finding the mountains. We had fancied, from what we had read of ragged rocks, and gigantic peaks, and snow ranges, or white frozen clouds glittering in the sunlight, etc., that we should pass hard by lofty peaks, with deep, frightful chasms below; that we should be able to stand and gaze up into heaven, and with feelings of awe and reverence behold "Alps on Alps,"—pyramids built by the God of the mountains, compared with which Egypt's would be but molehills. But all this was fancy. Not a hill is to be seen, except a few unsightly piles of rock, known as the "Black Hills," near Laramie, and an imperfect view, at one point, of the Colorado range, some seventy-five or a hundred miles away. At the highest point—Sherman—we pass over a plain, at least one hundred and fifty miles wide, and hardly as rolling as Iowa. You are on the mountain and do not know it. Building a railroad on these mountains is like building it on a plain. Vale Creek, some three miles from Sherman, is the only difficult cut which we saw on the whole route.

## FUEL.

The wonderful destitution of timber on all these plains and mountains suggests to the traveler the inquiry, From whence is to come the fuel to supply all this country, except at very great expense? You may ride for hundreds of miles and not behold a tree, small or large, of any description, until it becomes perfectly painful. You sigh for a tree, a shrub, or anything to break the eternal monotony of barrenness. But the question of fuel has been solved of late. Coal in immense quantities has been discovered directly on the line of this road. One of the most extensive coal fields on the continent is found on the top of these mountains. Prof. Silliman and other scientific men have just explored this region, and it is their opinion that there are not less than thirty thousand square miles of coal deposit here. Prof. Silliman remarked to the writer that it was so abundant that speculation on it was as impossible as speculation in air and water. The coal is of the very best quality for burning purposes; not bituminous nor anthracite, but something between the two; not so good for gas as some other, but still quite good even for this purpose. And as the West is already quite well supplied with this article, the need in this direction does not appear so imperative. The question of fuel for these barren plains and more barren mountains for all coming time is settled. There is enough and to spare. This discovery is a fortune to the Union Pacific Railroad.

## WATER.

At present the greatest want is good water. One would suppose that on these mountains water would be of the best quality. But just the reverse of this is true. It is not only poor, but even hurtful to man and beast. It is so impregnated with alkali and other objectionable ingredients, that one is in great peril who is obliged to use it. Where it stands for a time and dries away, the ground becomes as white as snow. At Rowling's Spring, some fifteen miles beyond Benton, water is abundant. The railroad is supplied from it for seventy-five or one hundred miles on. One train is employed constantly in supplying the road with water from this spring. We visited the spring and drank of the water, which was bad enough. When you get on to Bitter Creek, the water is perfectly undrinkable. Your lips become sore, the skin peeling off, leaving them perfectly raw. Your eyes look as though you had made free use of bad liquor. Cattle drinking the water swell up and die. How this evil will be remedied does not yet appear.

## BARRENNESS.

After passing Laramie, the country becomes more broken and barren; and we are informed that for hundreds of miles this barrenness increases. I do not see how that can be. If that evil spirit who walked through dry places, seeking rest and finding none, did not pass through this region, we should advise him, if he has a liking for barrenness, to come this way next time; besides, he would have less trouble in finding seven spirits worse than himself in this country than in almost any place at present known outside of his own infernal home. And then this country could spare so many, and even more if needed, and have enough left of the same sort for all practical purposes.

We have heard of the "Great American Desert," and here it is. You feel that you are in the midst of it. It is before you, and behind you, and all around you. Nothing lives here but mountain sage, grease grass, stunted cactus and prairie dogs, with here and there an elk and antelope.

We have no fancy for such a country as this.

"Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
Than reign in this horrible place."

## THE PEOPLE.

It would be difficult to find a more singular medley of human beings than is to be found in this country. Here are good men and true, men who love God and maintain a consistent Chris-

tian life; but they dwell, like the church at Pergamos, where "Satan's seat is."

There is many a rough, hardy, brave, daring son of these mountains and plains, who swears from habit, not because he thinks it right; who fights, and even shoots when necessary in self-defense; and drinks, but not often to drunkenness. They would make brave and zealous Christians were they converted. We met a representative of this class at Rowling's Spring, named Brown. He was said by those who knew him to be honest, truthful, kind-hearted and faithful. We were very much interested in him. He was as calm, cool and fearless a man as ever traveled these mountains. Pointing us to a dance hall near by,—the worst, he said, he had ever known in this country,—into which his men had gone the night before and got drunk, he said, "I went in to get my men out, and the thieves pitched into me, and I had to knock three of them down before I could get my men out. After getting them back to camp I left them, and they returned, and one of them got his nose bit off, another got his chin torn, and that fellow," pointing to one in a tent near by, "got badly shot."

Dr. Cray asked him if he was not afraid to go into such places? "No, sir," he said coolly. "They know me. They never go for me. If they should shoot, they would have to do it mighty quick." He talked of it as coolly as he would of driving the cows out of the cornfield.

Here are also large numbers of as vile characters as can be found anywhere on earth. More open and brazen-faced iniquity, in every form, is not found in earth's darkest places of cruelty. Every man goes armed with one or two revolvers, a dirk knife, etc., for safety. What would a New England congregation think to see a minister stand up in the pulpit with two revolvers and a dirk knife in his belt? That thing is done here.

### BRISTLES FROM PORKOPOLIS. AND SPOKES FROM THE HUB.

#### A QUICK JOURNEY.

To a man who was born on the seashore, and whose summers in boyhood were marked by frequent plunges into the surf of the Atlantic,—if he have been pent up for twelve months or more in an inland Western city where the only water he has had to drink or to bathe in was the muddy liquid of *La Belle Riviere*,—the smell of the salt marshes of New England in early September has a peculiar charm. It was the privilege of your "Bristle" gatherer to be furnished with the means and the time to leave "Porkopolis" immediately after the session of the Cincinnati Conference for a brief run to the south shore of Massachusetts Bay. In thirty-four hours from the time he left his adopted city he was set down in the streets of Boston. Think of that! breakfasting at his home in the West one day, and taking his vesper meal the next day, at the usual hour, among his friends at the "Hub!"

#### A MODEL COLPORTEUR.

Among the incidents of the journey was one which indicates a change in the policy of some at least of William Penn's followers, showing a spirit of propagandism which augurs well for their future serviceableness to the cause and kingdom of Christ. A quiet Quaker passed through the car in which your correspondent was riding through Northern Ohio, and handed to each passenger who would receive it, a little four-page tract, entitled, "Believe, Love, Obey," which was a concise and interesting statement of man's duty to God. The distribution of this important gospel compend was so unostentatious that no one—not even the most hardened unbeliever—could have found in it cause for offense. On the contrary, the paper was not only courteously accepted, but carefully perused, by persons who were evidently not very familiar with that class of reading. It was a model of colportage; no personal bluster, no self-obtrusion, but a noteworthy illustration of that faith, affection and obedience which the paper itself inculcated.

#### AN ENVIABLE EPIGRAM.

Among the memorabilia of the journey, was the passing of that bloody spot where the Lake Shore cars leaped down the Angola chasm, last winter, and led to the sudden extinguishment of so many joyous lives. As we crossed the bridge, the shimmering moonbeams seemed to people the depths below with the ghostly forms of those who perished there, chained to unrecognizable dust almost in the twinkling of an eye. It was a relief to be well past a spot so full of horrible suggestiveness. But in passing down from Albany through the western part of Massachusetts we came to another spot where only the night before a merchandise train had been wrecked in a ravine beneath the road-bed, causing an explosive conflagration of the petroleum on freight, and making an instantaneous funeral pyre for two of the brave fellows who were in charge of the train; one of whom, before the flame licked him up, had barely time to put the self-forgetful question, "Are any of the boys hurt?" What an enviable epitaph might be written over that man's grave: "Here lies one who died in the very act of obedience to the second great command of Christ, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

#### THE HUB AND ITS SUB-HUBS.

Arriving at our point of destination, we forget the sad scenes through which we have passed in the joy of re-union with kindred and old-time acquaintance, taking care during all our stay not to get out of easy reach of the salt water, strolling over beaches, clambering up the sides of stranded vessels, loitering about wharves, talking "oil" with whalers, inquiring as to their "fares" of mackerel-catchers, eating fish, like a cardinal during the Lenten season, served up at almost every meal and in almost every conceivable shape, boiled and broiled and hashed and stewed, except oysters, which we prefer either roasted or raw.

The first seven days are divided between the "Beach-woods" of Cohasset, the beach of Cohasset that is without wood, and Buzzard's Bay, at the mouth of the Acushnet, where we receive the greetings of many Friends in whose quiet meeting-house we had once enjoyed hours of introspection, undisturbed by voice or footfall. One of them took us in his arms, after the good old apostolic fashion, and saluted us with a hearty kiss.

Then came seven days in Boston and those immediate suburbs which are fore-doomed to become part and parcel of the city proper. It was a week of fat things, religiously, politically, socially. We had good preaching on Sunday, good news from Maine on Monday, and good fellowship with friends on every day of the week. But the time came at last for leaving-taking, and after dallying a day or two in Gotham, we started for home in earnest, and reached it in due time in safety; for which we ought to be specially grateful, since the train immediately following ours was broken in pieces by colliding with cattle on the track.

#### A WESTERN COLLEGE.

Since our return, Cincinnati Methodism has had a wholesome sensation in the dedication of its new Wesleyan Female College; an edifice which is an honor to our denomination, as the instruction given in it will be a blessing to multitudes of our future female citizens. The land and building and furniture have cost about one hundred and ninety thousand dollars; and though the cost has been so great, all agree in the conclusion that the trustees have got the full worth of the money invested. If any of our Eastern patrons have girls to be educated away from home, let them be put under the supervision of Principal Bugbee, in this new temple of the sciences.

#### POLITICAL.

It is hardly worth while to say much about our State politics as your readers will doubtless be advised of the results of the approaching election before this falls under their notice. It is enough to remark that the canvass is being made in earnest, especially on the side of loyalty and freedom and the national faith. So mote it be!

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

LITERARY CHARACTER OF MEN OF GENIUS, by Isaac Disraeli. New York: W. J. Middleton.

Will the father or his more famous son live the longer? This steady reprint of works, first published fifty years ago, is a proof of the vitality of the father. His literary career is a curious study. It is simply the attic work of a litterateur. Searching the old garrets of men of letters, picking up odds and ends of their lives, compiling their squabbles, their oddities, their loves, their follies, he makes a very taking mosaic. It is literary hash, good beef hash, well spiced, cleanly and most edible. This finely printed volume takes literary men from their frocks to their octogenarian dressing gowns, shows them in babyhood, childhood, youth and age. It also shows how narrow is the channel, vast some times may be the sea, of genius. Leibnitz and Voltaire were universal geniuses, but with no deep sea soundings. The volume is very entertaining, and like the hash aforesaid can be dipped into anywhere and at any time with equal relish.

WHAT ANSWER? by Anna Dickinson. Ticknor & Fields.

Miss Dickinson grapples with the current sin of America most manfully. No, that is not a big word enough, most womanfully in her handling. For no man has written as boldly as this, and only one woman, Mrs. Child, in the *Romance of the Republic*. It is said white women will marry black men, but not white men black women. If these last went they often ought to, as in the case of Thaddeus Stevens, and thousands of Southern gentlemen. These white women of genius show their affinity with their sisters in defending this marriage. The book ought to have been dedicated to our brother of *The Western Advocate*. It opens with a young colored clerk expelled from his desk because seven hundred workmen will not let a "nigger" cast up their accounts and pay them their moneys. This scholarly clerk is hung at a lamp post, in the end, by Gov. Seymour's friends. The son of that rich manufacturer sees an elegant and very handsome lady, and falls in love. He leads his college, is first in beauty, brains and wealth. She of course loves back. Both have such a "love as only comes once in a lifetime, and in only one life in a thousand." She is at school with his cousin; his parents see and admire their daughter-in-law. She goes home to Philadelphia refusing his hand, and he goes to war, loses an arm, and meets her in a city car, whose conductor is being compelled by some of his passengers to expel a one-legged colored soldier. He "lays out" the objectors, not the boy in blue and black, goes to her elegant home, and is again refused. A letter from his aunt tells the "awful" story, she is a "nigger." Her father is a mulatto, her mother an English lady. He goes back, sees her father, asks his daughter, and is married. "O, horrors," how many Christians (!) will say. His father and mother expel him from their home, but they live happily hidden up the Hudson. They come to New York, where he is to take command of a black regiment. The Seymour riots come on. He seeks to save the orphan children, is knocked down, and fatally injured. She finds him and dies on his dying breast in the midnight streets of the demobbed city. Such is her bold tale. Southern war life is mixed into the story. The son of the aunt, who writes the revealing letter that makes him do his duty and marry his elegant and beautiful love, himself comes out of the war a colonel, saved by negroes, and intimate with the heroine's brother, Robert Ereidonne, who, by his urgency goes to the polls with an armless sleeve and a national uniform after the war, and in Philadelphia, a polished gentleman, attended by his wealthy white comrade only to be driven away because he is a "nigger." Thus she concludes the story:

That afternoon, as Tom (Surrey's aristocratic but generous-hearted cousin) and Robert (Miss Ereidonne's brother, both returned soldiers) were driving, Russell, noting the unwonted look of life and activity, and the gay flag flung to the breeze, demanded what it all meant. "Why," said he, "it is like a field day."

"It is so," answered Robert, "or what is the same; it is election day."

"Bless my soul! so it is; and a soldier to be elected. Have you voted?"

"No!"

"No? Here's a nice state of affairs! a fellow that'll get his arm blown off for a flag, but won't take the trouble to drop a scrap of paper for it. Come, I'll drive you over."

"You forget, Russell!"

"Forget? Nonsense! This isn't 1860, but 1865. I don't forget. I remember. It is after the war now—come."

"As you please," said Robert. He knew the disappointment that awaited his friend, but he would not thwart him now.

There was a great crowd about the polling-office, and they all looked on with curious interest as the two young men came up. No demonstration was made, though a half-dozen brutal fellows offered some coarse remarks.

"Hear the Rebs talk!" said a man in the army blue, who, with keen eyes, was observing the scene. "They're the same sort of stuff we licked in Carolina."

"Ay," said another, "but with a difference; blue led there; but gray'll come off winner here, or I'm mistaken."

Robert stood leaning upon his cane; a support which he would need for life; one empty sleeve pinned across his breast, over the scar from a deep and yet unhealed wound. The clear October sun shone down upon his form and face, upon the broad folds of the flag that waved in triumph above him, upon a country where wars and rumors of war had ceased.

"Courage man! what ails you?" whispered Russell, as he felt his comrade tremble; "it's a ballot in place of a bayonet, and all for the same cause; lay it down."

Robert put out his hand. "Challenge the vote!" "No niggers here!" sounded from all sides.

The bit of paper which Ereidonne had placed on the window-ledge fluttered to the ground on the outer side, and looking at Tom, Robert said quietly, "1860 or 1865?—is the war ended?"

"No," answered Tom, taking his arm, and walking away. "No, my friend! so you and I will continue in the service."

"Not ended;—it is true! how and when will it be closed?"

Shame on the country that does such deeds, and every one that utters to them. Let everybody read this vehement appeal, and answer it if they can. Her characters are all drawn from life. This wealthy Philadelphia colored gentleman is Robert Purvis, whose father, an English gentleman, married a colored lady of South Carolina, and whose family is one of the most beautiful and cultivated in that city. How long shall this iniquity abound? Every Sunday School should have this story, which is history and prophecy. Every body should read it, pray over it, and answer it rightly in his own heart, and before God and his oppressed brother.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, Charles Dickens Edition, Ticknor & Fields, is a fine copy of one of the best of his stories.

THE HERMITAGE, and other poems, by Edward Rowland Sill, New York, Leopold & Holt. It is refreshing in tasting so oft of Helicon to touch a fountain and not a pool. Here is one, sparkling, pure and cool. It wells up from its own depths. True, it tastes of other fountains as though an Arethusa connection partially existed. Yet it transmutates these elements so largely into itself that it proves it can and probably will ultimately outgrow all such tincture. The "Hermitage" suggests Maud in structure and idea, though its cause is far less potent as well as its treatment, than that greatest of the Tennyson poems. A youth falls in love and sees a ring on the young lady's finger. He imagines her betrothed to another, and instead of asking her if she was, as any sensible lover would, rushes off to California and sets up a hut. In due time she comes round, and he makes inquiry and finds her brother gave her the ring. So another is bought, of California gold doubtless, and man, the hermit, sighs in verse no longer, but probably scolds in prose. On this rather cottony thread are strung some very gem-like beads. The "Pacific Sea," "California Scenery," and many bracing meditations of the Locksley Hall school vivify the hermitage. His shorter poems are better than the long ones. "Sun-down" is a fine painting. This fancy is very novel and neat.

"A sea of splendor in the west,  
Purple, and pearl and gold,  
With milk-white stripes of cloud, whose sails  
Slowly the winds unfold."

This is almost as good as Shelley's famous lines,

"White fleecy clouds  
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,  
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind."

The last verse is as pathetic as Longfellow:

"And when I knew that, late or soon,  
Love's glory finds a grave,  
And hearts that dance like dancing foam  
Break like the breaking wave;

"A little dreary homeless thought  
Creeps sadly over me,  
Like the shadow of a lonely cloud  
Moving along the sea."

This is a poetic thought, solemn and grand:

#### THE CREATION.

"A fountain rusheth upward from God's throne,  
Its streaming stem we name Eternal Power,  
Its tossing drops are worlds that spin and fall,  
While on their spheres our little human lives  
Like gleams and shadows swiftly glance and go."

Truly, this man hath it in him. Let him eschew the folly of modern poetry which is semi-infidelity, brace up his thought with the Gospel and sing on. The world will yet give him an attentive ear and applauding lip.

The *Religious Monthly* is always refreshing. It is the best conducted of the religious monthlies. "The Sin of Rationalism," its first article, by Dr. Bulfinch, is a good resume of Hunt's History. Mr. Ellis gives a good sermon on Rev. M. Clapp and President Hill talks interestingly of the old times in an old minister, Jacob N. Knapp, lately deceased at 97 years old. *The Nursery* is the best of baby's magazines, beautiful, frolicsome and good as a six year old. *The Atlantic* has two great articles, Parton on "Drunkards," and Whipple on "Bacon," with others only less able.

#### Publications Received since our Last.

From A. S. Barnes & Co.: The Independent Fourth Reader, Watson.  
From Gould & Lincoln: The Works of the Rev. J. Howe, M. A., Car- ters; Pivot Words, Power, Carsters.  
From Lee & Shepard: Freaks of Fortune, Optic; Boys and Girls Magazine.  
From I. W. England—Public Record of Horatio Seymour.  
From A. Williams & Co.: The Occupations of a Retired Life, Garrett, Little & Gay.  
From Henry A. Brown & Co.: Recollections of a Busy Life, Greeley, J. B. Ford, N. Y.  
From Ticknor & Fields: The Atlantic Almanac, 1869; The New Eng- land Tragedies, Longfellow.  
From American Unitarian Association: Social Hymns and Tunes.  
From Gould & Lincoln: The Pearl of Parables, Hamilton, Carsters.  
From Harper & Brothers: Cyclopaedia, Strong and McClintock.  
From Scriptural Tract Repository: Few Saved.  
From Loring: How to Furnish and Adorn a House with Small Means.  
The Abolition of Mary A. Smith, Mattison; The Radical: Monthly Journal; The National Temperance Almanac; Little Corporal; Phy- month Pulpit; Sunday School Journal; Catalogue of Oneida Conference Seminary; Congregational Review; Methodist Quarterly; Guide to Hol- liest; The Panoplist; Living Age; Bunker's Letters on Agriculture; An- nual Report of the Young Men's Christian Association of Michigan Uni- versity Magazine; Union Pacific R. R.

Nova Scotia is chiefly known in the United States from its coal, fish, potatoes, and Sam Slick, the clock-maker. These, hitherto, have been its principal products. During the Slaveholders' Rebellion, also, it took occasion to remind us of its existence by equipping blockade runners for the South. We were in trouble then, and Nova Scotia sympathized with our enemies. Nova Scotia is in trouble now, but we shall not return evil for evil. We see that her politicians are blind leaders of the blind, and that both of them, if they go on, are likely to fall into a ditch,—“the last ditch” of the new confederacy, or to provoke an armed conflict with either England or Canada, in which they would be promptly

crushed out, with precious little sympathy from any quarter. We shall give her better advice.

Nova Scotia, up to the spring of 1856, was the most loyal of the English colonies. It gloried in its babyhood. It was without the spirit of independence, and was never so happy as when catching the few crumbs of glory that fell from John Bull's table. When a Nova Scotian left his native country for the first time to visit London, he always talked of "going home," and he was educated to regard the American soil that gave him birth as a land of exile. The Blue Nose was an Englishman with every English trait intensified. He was always more of a Briton than the British, and less a republican than the Queen herself.

There are radical changes going on in this abnormal and unnatural sentiment. Nova Scotia, after generations of quiet government, undisturbed by a single act of oppression on the part of England or by a single act of rebellion on the part of the Province, has at length got a grievance, which she is nursing with all the fondness of a mother for her first-born child, and nourishing, albeit, into a stalwart life. Give it time enough, and it will grapple with John Bull himself, and "in the course of human events," overthrow him. Already it is disturbing and destroying every sentiment of loyalty to him. It is the voice of one crying in the political wilderness, Prepare for the final overthrow of monarchical institutions in America.

This is how the Province became possessed of a grievance; England desires to get rid of her North American colonies, and the imperial authorities would probably prefer that they should form a new nation with monarchical institutions. To achieve that object her representatives, for some years past, have encouraged the suggestions for a confederation of the Provinces which have been made by colonial politicians. Nova Scotia herself, through her only statesman, Mr. Howe, advocated a union of the colonies several years ago. This idea ripened in April, 1866, in the Nova Scotia House of Assembly, into a resolution, which was passed by a large majority, in which the Lieut.-Governor was authorized to "appoint delegates to arrange with the Imperial Government a scheme of union which will effectually ensure just provision for the rights and interests of this Province—each Province to have an equal voice in such delegation; Upper and Lower being, for this purpose, considered as separate provinces. This delegation met other delegations from the Canadas and New Brunswick—Prince Edward's Island and Newfoundland refusing to join in the Conference. They consummated a scheme of Federal union, and hurried off to London to have it made operative by an act of the Imperial Parliament. Under this scheme Nova Scotia was to have 19 members in the House of Commons of the Dominion Parliament, to be chosen by the people of the Province. The Upper House is appointed by the Crown. As the whole number of members in the Federal Parliament would be 181, the Nova Scotians claim that they will be outvoted by Canada; and that their Province, in fact, will become a mere dependency of the Dominion.

Six members of the government of Nova Scotia, among them the Premier, backed by the influence of the Legislature and the Lieutenant Governor, proceeded to London to aid in procuring the speedy passage of the act of Union. When the people of the Province heard of the consummation of the preliminary steps, there was great excitement—similar, in a small way, to the uprising in the North after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. They found, as we of the North then found, that they had been sold or misrepresented by their politicians. Public meetings were held, and petitions were signed against a union. A delegation was appointed to go to England to counteract the influence of the Premier and his associates. 31,000 persons had signed the petitions when the popular delegation sailed for "home." The Act of Union came up in Parliament, and was urgently pressed on the House by the official delegates from the Provinces. The delegates from the people opposed it by every influence that they could command. But although John Bright aided them, the imperial policy, seconded, as it appeared to be, by all the Provinces, and especially by the statement of a friend of the Premier of Nova Scotia that the expediency of confederation had been discussed and approved at every polling booth in the colony, influenced Parliament to reject their petition and consummate the Union. There is no evidence of the least desire on the part of either Parliament or Cabinet to oppose the wishes of Nova Scotia. Their error,—for it was an error,—arose from the impossibility of any distant people legislating for another community in another hemisphere. It arose, let us add, from the absurdity of attempting to keep up colonial expenditures after the time has come to cast them adrift.

The Nova Scotians came back full of indignation.

For the first time in their history they had suffered an injustice from England, and had seen that their vaunted loyalty did not count for anything against domestic treason. They determined to begin an agitation for the repeal of the union with Canada. An election for members of the local Legislature and for the Dominion Parliament came off shortly after the return of the delegates. The response was emphatic—a vote almost unanimous against the Union. For the local legislature, out of 38 members, only two were returned in favor of confederation; and 18 out of the 19 that were chosen for the Dominion Parliament were sent there to oppose it. And right here was the first great blunder of the Repealers. They ought either to have seized the Custom Houses in order to test the truth of the assurances of British statesmen that no British troops would ever be employed to coerce them, or, on the other hand, they ought to have adopted the policy of non-recognition, and refused to permit the members elect to the Dominion Parliament to proceed to Ottawa. Unhappily, mere politicians are in power, and they seem to prefer, by keeping up a useless cry, to hold on to their offices, and leave events to drift them where they will. They have no policy that can command the respect of disinterested spectators. All that they propose to do is to agitate for a repeal, which, in the nature of things, never can be granted; and, let us add, from the point of view of a due regard to the interests of the Empire, never ought to be granted. The day is gone by for isolated and petty colonies to assert such imperial powers as levying tariffs and regulating commerce. There is and there ought to be no choice for Nova Scotia but confederation with the Provinces or annexation to the United States. While we shall welcome her when she begs for admission into the Union, we are in no anxiety for her arrival. She has to learn a great deal yet before she is fit for our company. She will have to eat more than half of the words that she is now throwing at the head of Canada, to begin with, and to repent in earnest and publicly of her conduct toward us during the dark days of the Rebellion. She complains now of heavy taxation—but if she comes to us we shall double her imports. She grumbles because her representation in the House of Commons is based on population,—but we shall certainly never assent to any other system. She regards it as a grievance that her sons may be called on to fight outside of her own borders,—but before she is qualified to take her seat in our family circle she will have to learn that such selfishness is provincial, in the offensive sense of the word, and with us is even regarded as infamous.

Let us candidly tell the Nova Scotians, also, that their grievances, such as they are, do not justify bloodshed. They are purely political. They largely result from her own policy in the past. It is precisely the foolish loyalty she has shown, in season and out of season, that has prevented England from emancipating her colonies as she desires to do. "A few years ago," said the Attorney-General, "the public mind of the United States was set on the *qui vive* to see whether that country could get hold of the Provinces, and had it not been for Nova Scotia, I believe that these Provinces would have gone long ago." Now let her reap as she sowed. We shall never fight for her. When all the other provinces desire to come in, we shall welcome them altogether; but, until then, Nova Scotia had better keep the peace and educate her people in the true principles of democracy, so that, when we adopt her as a sister, she may be as intelligent in her loyalty to our institutions as she has been purblind in her loyalty to the British Constitution.

#### JESUS AMONGST PUBLICANS AND HARLOTS.

[Correspondence.]

The "last sensation" in the Empire City is "the Water St. Revival," for this is now in New York the great topic of the day. The opera, the theatre, and even the political candidates are only secondary in their popularity to the "wickedest man" and his associates. Some weeks ago, you would doubtless have felt a strong suspicion of the statements of a correspondent hailing from this infamous locality. Now, any one may write from this notorious place without compromising his reputation. For here any day in the week may be found at noon, popular divines, devout deacons, and elect ladies, eagerly inquiring for the dance house of John Allen, the vile slum of Tommy Hadden, or the rat pit of Kit Burns; and strange to say, they receive no damage to their reputation thereby. The secret of all this is, Jesus is in Water Street, at his old business; and the Scribes and the Pharisees, as of old, are still murmuring against him, saying "This man receiveth sinners."

On Thursday last we followed a motley crowd, some with black coats, some with tattered coats, and some with no coats at all. Women wearing the mien of piety, and women wearing the mien of infamy, cyprians, sailors and saints, prigs, preachers and pickpockets; all

wending their way to one common point of interest. We halted before the dance house of the "wickedest man in New York." There we found a prayer meeting in active operation, though before the hour appointed for the service the crowd was so dense that we were obliged to stand on the outskirts of the assembly, but away off at the very door we heard the songs of Zion in a strange land; our hearts thrilled with joy and thankfulness, we knew that the good Physician was there, and the power of God was present to heal.

Inasmuch as access was impossible, we hastened on a little way farther, and by dint of speed and push managed to gain an entrance to the celebrated dog pit of Kit Burns. A missionary occupied the arena where fierce brutes, urged on by fiercer brutes in human form, were wont to tear and kill each other; but the conflict now was a spiritual one. An unseen form was there crushing the serpent's head. Crowding the tiers of seats up to the very ceiling, and standing upon the slanting roof, peering and listening eagerly through the skylights, were many members of the crowd we have already described. But this horrid den of cruelty and crime so repulsive and infernal in appearance, was for the time being a glorious place; God's presence had transformed it into a Bethel, and our hearts exclaimed "it is good to be here." We have worshipped in some of the marble temples of this great city, we have listened to the praises of God warbled with scientific sweetness by the well-paid, well-trained choir, and we confessed our admiration of the melody and richness of the performance; but O for the tide of divine emotion which filled the rat pit of Kit Burns, as voices used to praise, mingled with voices which knew better how to blaspheme, were lifted up to sing

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins."

Earnest prayers were offered, and other praying hearts found utterance impossible; feeling was too strong for language, while God demonstrated the truth of his promise, "Before ye call I will answer, and whilst thou art yet speaking I will hear."

One man arose saying that he had a letter from a venerable Christian in Massachusetts asking him to look for his prodigal son, who, despite the prayers and influence of his pious parents, had left his home and become a frequenter of places of infamy, and was now bringing down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Prayer was then offered for the wayward young man.

By request of the gentleman in charge of the meeting, those who wished to give up a life of sin and secure the great salvation, were desired to make it manifest by the uplifted hand; quite a large number complied. Some were young men not far gone in evil, but evidently fast tending in that direction; others were men whose bloated forms and bleared eyes and repulsive aspects proclaimed them debauches and criminals, but their hearts were broken, and tears of penitence on the cheeks of some, and looks of tearless anguish upon the countenances of others, told of a remorse and wretchedness that Jesus only could remove.

Tommy Hadden I did not see. At the hour of the prayer meeting in his house, Tommy was standing a prisoner at the bar, arraigned for crime committed some time before he was brought under the influence of the revival. But Tommy has proved that even in a literal sense Jesus has still power to open the prison doors to those that are bound. His astute lawyer urged a plea which we will venture to say was never before presented by a legal advocate. He told the judge the story of Tommy's reformation, that he ought not to send his client to prison because he was wanted at home to look after his prayer meetings. His honor, the judge, acknowledged the force of the argument, and in consideration thereof, postponed the trial of the prisoner.

With one thing we were particularly impressed, that in this as well as every other religious movement, God begins them by first preparing the agents to carry them forward. The men first, the movement afterward. Orville Gardner, the converted pugilist, after ten years of a religious life, now as celebrated for his piety as he was formerly for his wickedness, enters heartily into this revival, and his labors are greatly blessed. But still more were we satisfied of this fact, when a man of portly physique and a countenance which told of the peace of God prevailing in his heart, rose calmly up, and with a voice tremulous with emotion spoke in this wise: "I am not much of a public speaker; the reason I suppose is this, I received my education in places just like this; for many years I led a life of sin and crime. I have never done much for my Saviour, but I have gone from this city to Ireland for a fighting dog, with my companion in sin. I have broken into churches and have used them to fight dogs in, while those around were absorbed in their business. But no one knows how wretched I was while I was thus steeped in sin. I have walked the streets of this city many a night, my heart like lead and my brain burning, tempted so strong-

ly to commit suicide. But I found mercy and relief when I went to Jesus. I am clothed and in my right mind to-day. I am laboring now to lead men once like myself to come to the Saviour. I was in Boston last week to see Harry Jennings, a prize fighter. Christ will do for any of you all that he has done for me." In my heart I could not but thank God for this good man's testimony. It was a word in season. Beecher, Boole or Tyng, could not have uttered anything more telling or appropriate.

There are doubtless some things objectionable mixed up with this affair; but this after all is only saying that it is marked with the imperfections incident to humanity. It can afford to pay a large discount, but enough will then remain of real good to cheer and encourage the heart of every lover of God and humanity.

Conversing with Mr. Mings, the efficient Superintendent of the City Mission, at the close of one of the meetings, said he, "What a pity it is that some good people could not have a little common sense to direct their piety. They have, I fear, spoiled John Allen; filled him with such notions of his own importance that he seems to think he has conferred an everlasting obligation upon the Saviour because he has shut up his dance hall."

I am well satisfied after careful investigation, that this revival is not a sudden or spasmodic outburst of religious enthusiasm. For many years the condition of those plague-spots has filled the hearts of the godly men and women of New York with deep concern. They have carried the matter in earnest prayer to God. The next step was the founding of the Five Points Mission, and similar organizations. Those missions have been undermining those strongholds of Satan; for more than ten years has the material for effecting their overthrow been accumulating beneath them; a spark of celestial fire has at last exploded this magazine, and through their riven walls the armies of Emmanuel are rushing on to victory. That this fortress of iniquity will be taken, is now generally conceded even by the enemies of the cross. But though drunkenness, licentiousness, and all their kindred crimes may be driven from this locality, their utter destruction will not be speedily accomplished. There is work for both the philanthropist and the Christian before this final result can be secured. Think of the wretched dwellings, of these poor creatures. Forty thousand of them crowded into dens and hovels too horrible to be described; tenements must be procured for them where cleanliness and chastity will be among the things they can possibly maintain. To this end I am persuaded this religious awakening will ultimately lead. For it is as true of Christian as it is of heathen lands, you must get men converted before you can elevate or refine them.

One of the most valuable results of this movement will be the incentive it will furnish to renewed exertion and activity on the part of the people of God. Far too long has the church been content to act on the defensive; we have been congratulating ourselves upon our success when all we could report was, "It is all quiet along the Potomac." But the time has now come for a general movement upon the works of the enemy. Already his ranks are broken, his leaders dismayed and his followers in confusion. Up, then soldiers of the cross. "Hasten to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." One of the most glorious victories ever achieved by the church is now within your grasp. Be sure and win it for Christ the captain.

E. S. BEST.

#### "THE POOL OF BLOOD."

A minister in Summerfield, Alabama, writes a very patronizing letter, defending the South from all charges of blood-thirstiness, and declaring that the North is the only one that makes any trouble by her continual bitterness of speech. He condemns Gen. Banks' statement that "the South would be a 'pool of blood' so far as it relates to Alabama."

I do not think that the northern people are wholly destitute of truth and honesty, nor do I believe you would publish a falsehood if you knew it. I have been engaged in travel all over the State of Alabama ever since the surrender, and I assure you, both as a Christian minister and a gentleman, that no such thing as stated in that article exists in Alabama. I have not seen a fight in three years in the State.

It is a curious but most regretful answer to this, that almost the same mail that brought the letter, brought the news of the hanging of three men in Tusculum, Ala., by the Ku Klux, and the awful massacre in Georgia. Which is the true prophet, Gen. Banks or our Summerfield friend? He is also very much shocked that Mr. Stevens should have been so immoral in his private life, and yet a leader of his party. So are we. It is an astonishing thing in one of such lofty views of the rights of humanity. But then Mr. Stevens at least gave his colored "housekeeper" a prominent place in his family and a good legacy in his will. Did the men who represented the Southern party for years in Congress and the war thus honorably treat their colored mistresses? They sold them and beat them and starved them, and if they died before them, left them without a farthing, or even the right to their own persons, and children they had borne to these chivalrous gentlemen. More than that, these great men were often members and office bearers of Christian churches. Mr. Stevens

never received the right hand of fellowship from a minister of Christ, and died without the pale of the church. Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. Mr. Stevens defied public opinion in every step but one. Had he taken that, his name would have been fragrant to all posterity. Now it must be almost as ill-odored as Jefferson's and Clay's, and all the modern leaders of the South.

TWO LATE HUB ITEMS.—A week or two ago J. B. Smith, once a slave and still not entirely a white man, except in his better half, entertained a distinguished company at his elegant club house. He sat at the head of the table. On his right was Charles Sumner, his intimate friend. Not far below were Methodist and Episcopal ministers, the highest church of one and the lowest of the other, Dr. Bolles, Rector of our St. Albans, and Mr. Dabman, author of the most popular of our camp meeting melodies. Dr. Potter, from Grace Church, New York, was present. What will Brown, his sexton, say now,—and his people, what will they say? Is not this the prefigurement of the church of the future, Methodist, Episcopal and colored all one, the last at the head? The late Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, Mr. Parkman, was present, a better exhibition of the "mystic tie" than when another Grand Master held the umbrella over A. J.'s kingly head for half a summer day, heated seven times hotter than it was wont, and did not allow the colored lodges to do him the honor of a parade with their whiter brothers. Edward Atkinson, was there, the next Secretary of the Treasury, if Grant don't use up all the Cabinet in other Massachusetts worthies, Sumner, Butler, Phillips and Wilson. He could do worse than to confine his Council to these Hubites. Moses Kimball, the Boston showman, enjoyed this spectacle and wished he could put it on the boards of the Museum. Others equally "big" surrounded the board and the host. In strict costume, they ate a remarkable dinner, and drank, we fear, remarkable drinks. Dr. Bolles was the clergyman who drank his wine toast at Parker's to the success of Seymour. He is now hob-nobbing with Sumner and one once a slave.

But the Democracy saw another sight that was too much for their unopened eyes. At Harvard law school the tables were turned. Mr. George L. Ruffin, late an honorable barber of this city, is pursuing his studies at that institution, prior to changing his mode of shaving. The free and equal Jefferson (Davis) members of the school tried to keep him out of the Assembly, a law club. They advocated a resolution that its privileges were not intended for colored persons, but after an earnest debate they had to submit and let Mr. Ruffin enter. He may yet occupy the position in the school that Mr. Smith did at the reunion. His democratic associates may put him at their head with as great pleasure and pride as Rev. Dr. Bolles, the wine commender of Messrs. Seymour and Blair accorded the like honor to Mr. Smith. When that hour comes we trust Mr. Smith may provide the entertainment, without any of the intoxicating beverages aforesaid for the now converted and consistent Democrats. Will *The Baltimore Episcopal Methodist* please copy?

THE Unitarian Church has hauled down the color it hoisted with so great difficulty at its first National Convention three years ago. Then it declared after much contention that it recognized Jesus Christ as Lord; though it left out "Saviour," and therefore left no meaning to its title. Last week it declared that this statement was "the expression only of its majority, committing in no degree those who object to them." Christ is no longer acknowledged to be Lord even of this body as a body. The truth we spoke of *The Liberal Christian* is confirmed by the course of its "church." Christ is no more authoritatively Lord than Mahomet. Mr. Frothingham must feel comfortable. He has shot that detested color from his church's flag-staff. Mr. Burleigh perhaps by next year will get his "Mr. Jesus" hoisted in its place. How far astray a single step will lead. Channing's denial of the divinity and atonement of Christ has led naturally to the abandonment of even His nominal and meaningless headship.

LATEST NEWS.—The revolution in Spain is progressing gloriously. Permission has been granted to build a Protestant church within the walls of Seville. All the provinces in Spain have recognized the central provisional junta at Madrid.—It is expected that Mr. Burlingame will be favorably received by Lord Stanley. Gladstone has issued his address; it is admired by the Liberales.—The Spanish provisional junta will free the children of blacks, in anticipation of the total abolition of slavery in the colonies by the Cortes.

#### NOTES.

REVERDY JOHNSON AT LEEDS.—Our amiable minister has made another rose-water speech at Leeds. The English people—especially the aged females—must think him a real nice man. Well, so he is. His speech was substantially as follows: "England and America are one country. They have one language, ditto religion, ditto literature, ditto, origin. Their differences are not great; in fact they are small; indeed, not to put too fine a point on it, they have none. Both countries have precisely the same method of shaking hands [great applause]; ditto eating, ditto drinking. Both were exactly alike, especially England, and he hoped they would always continue so—especially America." [Enthusiastic cheering.]

*The Liberal Christian* charged a person, by name, a journal and a church, with falsehood. It has not yet published our defense nor the question we asked it. When it becomes truly Christian it will also become gentlemanly.

Mr. Tucker's friends got up a meeting for him in Boston professedly under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, but actually under that of the grand army of rum-sellers. The "Grand Army" have never presented him or endorsed him as their candidate. This course should stimulate prohibitionists to give us a clean ticket.

Niagara has been moved to Boston, and is performing a rarer feat than for one to ride two horses at once. It is showing how it looks in summer and winter. Gignoux, at Childs & Co's., and Church, at Williams & Everett, give both views. The

former is so cold that a fire will have to be kindled where it is on exhibition if it remains there much longer. It gives the great fall from the base of Table Rock. Icicles are all about you, and the mighty flow of green waters are sweeping down upon you. Both pictures are well worth visiting.

Lincoln's death, by Ritchie, at Howarth's, 235 Washington St., is an exact photograph in colors of that scene. The persons around him and their positions, the carpet and pictures of horses on the wall, are faithfully copied. The face is smiling and very pleasant. It is one of the best of his portraits. Sumner, Wells, Stanton, Dr. Gurley, McCulloch, Halleck and other well known persons are round the bed, all of whose portraits are excellent. The engraving will have a large sale.

R. W. Emerson began a course of lectures on Monday, the 12th, of great beauty and attractiveness. He is the prince of readers of his own compositions. If listened to wisely he is very charming. His style is like a woodland stream, and his voice like its summer murmur. His last course had a very exquisite eulogy on Father Taylor. No one will regret the money they pay for this entertainment to ear and soul. If he would but see Christ he would charm forever.

THE Bay State course of lectures is by far the most successful of any in Boston. Four thousand dollars were taken for its tickets on the first day of their sale. It is managed with great success by Mr. Roberts, its actuary. The Bay State is a Temperance Lodge, and free tickets are sent to those ministers in the city who are avowed Prohibitionists, and no others. Its success betokens the coming prominence and success of the cause it represents.

*The Advance* is improving its columns by quotations from *THE HERALD*. It seems to be ignorant of geology, of good writing and the power of Christian experience. It is an exceedingly proper paper for one with so ambitious a title, and its readers will enjoy the refreshment of vigorous and elegant composition which it thus generously serves up.

THE American Board held its annual session last week, at Norwich, Conn. It reports new and advanced positions in China, Bulgaria, and among the Armenians of Koordistan and Persia; 15 new churches have been organized, 29 new out-stations taken, the force of native agents increased from 928 to 965, and 1821 additions to the churches are reported on profession of faith—an increase of more than 350 upon the additions of last year. It asks for \$600,000 next year, and will get it.

#### PERSONAL.

Abraham Avery, esq., of the firm of George C. Rand and Avery, returned last week from a seven months' absence in Europe.

Rev. Dr. H. N. Powers, late President of Griswold College, Iowa, is called to the Rectorship of St. James Church, Chicago. His writings make him well known to our readers. He will be an efficient aid to the evangelical clergy of the Western London.

Rev. E. W. Parker and wife, of our India mission, arrived in Boston on the 8th inst., after a voyage of nearly five months. Impaired health has been the cause of their return to this country, from which they have been absent about nine years. We are happy to learn that the voyage has had a beneficial effect on their health. Bro. Parker delivered a stirring address at the Preachers' Meeting, Monday, on the State of our Indian Missions.

Schureman Halsted, an old and well-known merchant of New York, and a prominent member of the M. E. Church, died at his home near Mamaroneck, on Monday, in the 64th year of his age. He was long a conspicuous member of the Methodist Church.

Rev. Charles W. Cushing, of the Lowell Seminary, is one of the best preachers, gentlemen, teachers and governors in the land. He has also one of the best ladies' schools. As thorough as Vassar, and as refined, it is less large and better located. Auburndale is as like Paradise as the young ladies in his seminary are like Eve. A few who had engaged rooms cannot be here this term. He has therefore eight or ten vacancies. It is a rare opportunity for any gentleman who wishes to give his daughter the best education under the best masters and under the best influences.

Rev. Isaac McAnn, Chaplain of the Vermont House of Representatives, is a member of the Vermont Conference.

Rev. Wm. Livesey is dangerously sick. The prayers of the church will go up for the preservation of the life of this eminent and excellent laborer in her vineyard.

Says *The Northwestern*: "As Dr. Kynett was returning from the West Wisconsin Conference he received a donation of fifty dollars from an English preacher who knew well the working of the Wesleyan Chapel fund in England, and felt in his soul the importance of our Church Extension Society."

A MISTAKE.—Through a mistake our folder sent to quite a number of subscribers *THE HERALD* for October 1st, in place of October 8th. Those of our subscribers who have received them will please excuse the mistake, and return them to us by mail and we will send the number for October 8. And any others who have *THE HERALD* for October 1st., which they do not care to preserve, will greatly oblige us by mailing them to us. We regret all such mistakes, and guard against them as far as possible.

THE CHARLESTOWN CHRONICLE.—The first number of this new and very attractive journal has come to hand. It exhibits the elements of success, and from what we know of its proprietors, Messrs. Richards & Wason, it will never fail for lack of ability or energy. We congratulate the Bunker Hill and Navy Yard city on having a paper worthy of her fame and importance.

CORNER-STONE LAYING.—The Methodist society in Boston Highlands will lay the corner-stone of their new church on Winthrop Street, next Monday 19th inst., at 2 P.M., with appropriate exercises. Synopsis of its history by the pastor. Prayer by Rev. Dr. Thayer. Address by Rev. Gilbert Haven.

## The Methodist Church.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

**BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING.**—The meetings of this body of late have been more than usually interesting and profitable. For several weeks past the following question has been discussed, viz.: "What is the duty of the church to that class among us who are not reached by the ordinary means of grace?"

Rev. Dr. Thayer opened the debate, and many other brethren have participated in it. From investigations that he had made, he estimated the ratio of the people attending evangelical churches in this region to the balance of the population to be about as one to twenty. Nineteen twentieths of the population, or nearly that, are to be evangelized by the church of God. And all this work is right about us in the home field. To accomplish this vast work before us the churches must become greatly more aggressive upon the kingdom of darkness than they now are, or they may be overcome. All the enemies of Christ are terribly in earnest to destroy, and all his people must be equally in earnest to save, or the result will be fearful.

Rev. W. McDonald called attention to the stupendous work the churches of our own denomination have been doing in the way of church building, building or buying parsonages, and in contributing their money lavishly in aid of innumerable benevolent works. Moreover, everybody elsewhere seems to assume that there is no limit either to the wealth or liberality of our New England churches, and when they want to raise money for any good enterprise, they forthwith come to us to get it, and they generally succeed, so that we are building churches and endowing educational institutions all over the country and world in addition to all our home work. Thus the energies of our people have been largely devoted to this kind of work, and with great success. Still he thought there should be and might be immensely more direct effort to save the people.

Rev. D. Walt located the secret of non-church-going habits in the enmity of the carnal mind to God, and we must keep this thought in mind more in all our endeavors to bring the people to Christ, otherwise our work cannot be as successful.

Rev. J. W. Coolidge thought that we limited the work of God very much by want of faith in His power and willingness to convict of sin and save from it those sometimes called "hard cases." Hence we often don't make much effort if any to reach them, and God does not many mighty works among such because of our unbelief.

This subject is still before this meeting, and at no time during its discussion has there been greater interest awakened by it than when it was last debated.

**STONEHAM.**—The vestries of the new M. E. Church, were dedicated on the 7th. Sermon by Rev. W. R. Clark of East Boston. Addresses were made by Rev. Bros. Cushing, Barnes, Kelly and others. In the evening there was a festival, the receipts netting \$350. Fuller account next week.

### New Hampshire Items.

On the 16th of September the Dover District Ministerial Association met at the M. E. Church in Dover. The brethren present related their Christian and ministerial experience during the past quarter. This exercise was very interesting and profitable. The different aspects of the Christian and ministerial life were portrayed in vivid colors; the different phases of skepticism, encountered and combated by these watchmen of Zion, were delineated in accordance with the characteristics of the individual speakers; the diversified methods, followed by these different laborers in the Lord's vineyard, were indices exhibiting the individuality of the man; and the classes of books and periodicals read testified to a fearless vigilance on the part of these shepherds of Christ, and a determination not to retire from the field of moral contest because the venomous shafts of infidelity fly thick and fast. Materialism, Pantheism, Positivism, are actively scattering their writings, and the eddying gusts of infidelity and speculation and unbelief bring them into every town, and drive them into the quiet nooks and walks of our country homes, to poison and destroy the dearest hopes of the human heart. But, thank God, the ministry of our church are on the alert; they are studying and exploding these rocket-like productions. These Ministerial Associations are admirably adapted to foster this spirit of critical inquiry among the ministry of our church, and thus indirectly benefit our parishioners by elevating the intellectual tone of the pulpits.

Very fine essays were read by Bros. Bailey, Flood, Knowles, Stubbs and Jasper, and we were favored with excellent preaching by Bros. Kelsey, Flood and C. E. Hall. The next meeting of the Association is to be held in the month of January next, probably at Exeter, N. H. Rev. H. B. Copp is engaged in a grand enterprise at Exeter, and we hope soon to chronicle the permanent establishment of Methodism in that place.

I have recently visited the Cocheo Manufacturing Establishment, and through the courtesy of D. Chadwick, esq., I am enabled to send you the following items of interest for your readers: Number of spindles, 5,000; looms, 1,193; operatives—males, 722; females, 637; 1,359 hands. The average monthly pay roll is \$37,000. Cloth manufactured for one year, to May 30, 1868, 12,762,877 yards. Goods bought for printing, 2,814,582 yards. Total amount printed in one year, 15,577,459 yards. Be assured Dover is an enterprising city, and for the picturesqueness of its surrounding scenery is not surpassed by any place "on this side Jordan."

Quite an attempt has been made among us to found a *Theist* church by a few people, under the leadership of a Mr. Abbott, formerly pastor of the Unitarian church in this city; but *The Dover Gazette* says this gentleman was to preach to the Independent Society for the last time at American Hall. How forcible the words of Mr. Wilberforce appear in this connection: "In the course from nominal orthodoxy to absolute infidelity Unitarianism is a sort of half-way house; a stage on the journey, where sometimes indeed a person finally stops,

but where not unfrequently he only pauses for a while, and then pursues his progress."—*Practical Views*, pp. 363-4. "In short, reasoning fairly, there is no medium between absolute Pyrrhonism and Christianity."—*Ib.*, p. 366.

Numerous improvements are lending additional attractions to our city. Among these the *Morning Star* building deserves especial mention. Formerly it was the Washington Street Freewill Baptist Church; but by a grand reconstruction it is now a fine four-story building, with French roof, and very many of the modern internal arrangements, making it the most complete publishing house that we have seen for a long time. It is the Freewill Baptist Publishing House of America, and does great credit to the enterprise and good taste of its projectors and the enterprising denomination for the promotion of whose interests it has been so tastefully, commodiously and conveniently fitted up, at an outlay of \$27,000. In the basement of this building the literature of this church is very extensively printed and bound. Steam power drives the machinery, and by steam the building is warmed. They use one Adams' press and one Hoe's cylinder press. They print a little work similar in character to our Discipline, a Register and Hymn Books, besides issuing annually 13,000 copies of *The Morning Star*, 25,000 of *The Myrtle*, their Sabbath School paper, and 1,000 of *The Freewill Baptist Quarterly*. Rev. Bro. Day, the editor of *The Morning Star*, is one of the most remarkable of word painters; of his smiles, tropes and figures there seems to be no end. In preaching, or conversation, or writing, he seems to be an inexhaustible thesaurus of words, with which he clothes his thoughts and ideas in beautiful and even gorgeous drapery. His bodily frame, like the beautiful hulls of those floating palaces we see on the Hudson, is severely strained by the forces of his great heart and consecrated soul; consequently *The Morning Star* is in the foremost rank of evangelical, patriotic and spiritual forces, by which our great country is saved from the clutch of that Slamese twin devil, treason and caste.

In 1780, Benjamin Randall gathered the first church of this denomination in New Durham, N. H. At that time they were were reproachfully styled "Freewillers." In 1867 they reported 148 quarterly meetings, comprising 1,276 churches, 1,100 ordained preachers, 121 licentiates, and 59,211 members. As a denomination they have borne faithful testimony against slavery, and they nobly stand up for Jesus. God bless them.

NAUTAS.

### Bath Camp Meeting, N. H.

The beautiful Maple Grove in which this camp meeting was held, lies on the East bank of the Ammonoosuc River, half encircled by this beautiful stream. The meeting commenced Sept. 7th, and notwithstanding the day was visited by a very severe rain storm, yet a good number of tents were erected. In the evening the people assembled in the Landaff tent, where the Lord graciously poured out his Spirit, giving the brethren the evidence that he was with them at the beginning.

Tuesday morning, at eight o'clock, Rev. H. S. Ward, of Moultonboro', preached from Acts ix. 6, "What wilt thou have me to do?" The subject was wisely chosen, and the words of the brother were fitly spoken. At ten o'clock Rev. G. W. Carr, of Ossipee, preached from 1st Peter iv. 18, "If the righteous scarcely be saved," &c. In the P. M. Rev. C. H. Smith, of Warren, preached from Deut. xxxii. 31. In his discourse he evinced the superiority of the Christian portion, "even our enemies themselves being judges." At the close of the sermon several were forward at the altar for prayers.

Wednesday morning, Rev. M. T. Cilley, of Sandwich, preached a very earnest and impressive discourse from Matt. ix. 37, 38. At ten o'clock, Rev. S. E. Quimby, of Lebanon, named his text Heb. ii. 3, "How shall we escape?" &c. He proceeded about half way through his sermon when the audience were disturbed by the rain, and were obliged to repair to their tents. Preaching was immediately commenced by Rev. J. Gowan, of Haverhill Corner, and Rev. A. B. Russell, of East Haverhill. In the afternoon the rain still continued to fall, and there was preaching in the tents by S. G. Kellogg, of Sanbornville Bridge, Rev. J. H. Knott, of Jefferson, Rev. Bro. Forrest, of Bradford, Vt., Rev. J. Hooper, of Rumney. At four o'clock the people were able to meet at the stand, and listen to a very earnest and convincing discourse from Rev. G. W. Norris, of Laconia; text, Rev. xxii. 17.

Thursday morning the people assembled for a love feast. It was one of the sweetest and most heavenly love feasts I ever enjoyed. There were nearly twelve score of testimonies in less than one hour.

"And heaven came down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowned the mercy seat."

At ten o'clock Rev. L. Howard, of Plymouth, very interestingly and instructively preached from Matt. viii. 11. He discoursed upon the final gathering of all God's people in the kingdom of heaven; he believed that we should know each other there. In the afternoon Rev. D. C. Babcock, of Manchester, preached from Prov. i. 10-23. He was followed by a very stirring and impressive exhortation by Rev. Hugh Montgomery, of Wilmet. In the evening a very excellent discourse was delivered by Rev. J. M. Bean, of London; text, Gen. v. 9; "Where art thou?"

Friday morning was visited by another rain, and consequently at eight o'clock there was preaching in some of the tents by Rev. D. J. Smith, of Lancaster, Rev. H. H. Hartwell, of Suncook, and by another brother whose name I did not learn. At ten o'clock Rev. T. W. Lewis, of South Carolina, preached a very able and interesting discourse from Mark vi. 48; "And he saw them toiling in rowing." Rev. E. A. Titus, of St. Johnsbury, preached in the afternoon, "at two o'clock, an excellent discourse from Matt. xi. 28. At four o'clock in the afternoon several addresses were made by preachers who had not preached during the meeting. In the evening L. D. Barrows, the P. E., made some very pertinent remarks, and gave the people good advice concerning their work at home in the churches.

The meeting closed Saturday morning, and the people returned to their homes better prepared, we trust, to labor more efficiently in the vineyard of the Lord. Notwithstanding the

rain fell frequently during the meeting, yet there was a good number present, some two thousand, on Thursday and Friday. There were twenty large tents besides five or six family tents. The Lord poured out his Spirit upon the people. Sinners were converted, backsliders reclaimed, and the church greatly blessed. The meeting was a complete success. Good order prevailed, and the people were very attentive upon the public ministrations of God's word. Rev. L. D. Barrows, our P. E., is one of the most efficient and wise messengers I ever saw. His variety of exercises gave tone and interest to the meeting.

The Sabbath following the Lisbon and Landaff people held a Union Quarterly Meeting on the ground. About eight hundred were present. Rev. L. D. Barrows, P. E., preached in the morning a very searching and convincing sermon from St. John iii. 8. In the afternoon Rev. T. W. Lewis preached a very interesting sermon from Isaiah xxvii. 3, after which the Sacrament was administered. B.

### Camp Meeting at East Mach's.

This camp meeting was very far from being a failure. True, we could not have chosen a more unfavorable week if we had had the entire calendar of the year at our disposal. Rain from Monday noon to Saturday morning, with provokingly short intervals "between showers."

Tuesday night there were twenty tents upon the ground. The social meeting in the evening was an occasion of interest and power.

Wednesday, A. M., Bro. Henry Clark, a promising young man recently from our Seminary, preached a clear and forcible discourse. In the afternoon Bro. C. Lemuel Plummer delivered a well-timed and earnest address from Psalm cxvi. 12, 13, 14; subject, "Unfulfilled vows should be paid now." Wednesday, P. M., a goodly delegation from the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Milltown, St. Stephen, N. B., with their pastor the Rev. Mr. Sprague, came on to the ground to attend their first camp meeting. Bro. Sprague is an earnest, determined worker for the Master. He was appointed to Milltown, St. Stephen, a year ago last June, where he found vital piety well nigh a thing of the past, the means of grace neglected and in consequence the church almost entirely run down. Under his ministry by the blessing of God they have been visited with a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and nearly if not quite one hundred persons have been soundly converted to God. They brought the fire with them.

Wednesday evening, Bro. B. M. Mitchell preached a characteristic sermon full of power, from Acts xii. 12; subject "Prayer."

Thursday, A. M., Bro. W. S. McKellar, preached from Matt. xxvii. 21, subject, "Barabbas and Christ—Sin and Holiness, are presented to us. We must, we do choose the one or the other." The contrast was strongly drawn. The entire effort earnest and well appreciated by the congregation who remained upon the wet benches beneath the dripping trees to hear the last word. In the afternoon, Rev. Bro. Sprague delivered a discourse from Isaiah iii. 10, 11. Subject, "The States of the Righteous and the Wicked now and Hereafter." Thursday evening we were favored with a little rain, as indeed we had been all the while, and needed no herald to sound the charge. "To your tents, O Israel!" There was preaching in three of the tents. Bro. Seth H. Beale preached from Jude iii.: "Contend for the faith;" Bro. Caldwell from Ezekiel xviii. 30, and Bro. Sylvanus Hanscom, from John xi. 36.

Friday morning, at 8 o'clock, we had a part—and it was a blessed part—of a love feast. After half an hour passed in speaking and singing we were again driven to our tents. This little meeting was a blessed season for those who enjoyed it, one not easily forgotten. Preaching in the tents, as the evening before. Bro. A. R. Lunt preached from Jer. viii. 22; J. H. Beale, from Acts viii. 21; Edward Brackett, from Titus ii. 11.

Friday, P. M., Rev. Bro. Sprague preached another powerful sermon, at the close of which Bro. E. A. Helmershausen announced that on account of the weather the camp meeting would close then and there.

**CAMP MEETINGS IN MAINE.**—Rev. C. Munger writes: "Some of the camp meetings in Maine were favored with abundance of rain, but the rains did not put out the fire. The one great theme, 'Holiness unto the Lord,' as an indispensable necessity, and a glorious privilege, was made not only prominent, but the prominent fact of these meetings. The result is, that our people feel more and more that this must be their constant life. We are not much afraid of making Bible Holiness—the holiness of the apostles as preached by Wesley and the fathers of Methodism, 'obtrusive.' We have an idea that that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, should be presented about as it is in the Bible, and that when it is so presented it will obtrude upon the worldliness of the church and the wickedness of the age, somewhat as Christ and his apostles did in their day."

"The meeting on our new ground—the Kennebec Camp Ground, near Richmond, was a complete success. This encampment is so beautifully situated, so conveniently provided, and so easily accessible, that it must become a permanent rallying point for the hosts of Zion. The tone of spirituality and religious power which pervaded the meeting from first to last, equaled, perhaps surpassed, most meetings of the kind. To this result Bro. Gorham, of Newark, N. J., by the blessing of God, contributed not a little. His labors were specially owned of God to the quickening of the churches both at this and at the Poland meeting. Would God the spirit and power of Christian labor were poured upon the churches, then the feeble should be as David, and the house of David as the angel of the Lord. So far as I know, there is a deeper conviction and a more determined labor for the mighty baptism of the Spirit upon 'all flesh,' than is usual. There is also a much stronger faith both for work and results, than usual. While the mass is apparently unmoved, there are many who are crying nigh and day for power by the Holy Ghost; power to witness and power to work. And the Lord of the harvest who said, 'Ye shall have power,' is fulfilling the word. The fires are already kindling at different points. May the good Lord give us an old fashioned burn; one that will consume the dross and refine the gold." C. M.

## The Christian World.

### MISSION FIELD. GREAT AWAKENING IN INDIA.

To the Editor of THE HERALD:

A letter has just come to hand from one of our missionaries in India, which contains news that will gladden the heart of the church to hear it. Though not written for publication, I trust to the forbearance of the writer in thus making his glad tidings public. Surely it will excite hope and gratitude and more abundant prayer among us, to know how God the Holy Spirit is thus moving on the hearts, not only of individuals, but of great masses of men in the Valley of the Ganges. Praise the Lord for such intelligence! Surely those who are honored of God in doing this work for us will be remembered and more abundant means be granted them to reap the joyful harvest which God is ripening there where they have so faithfully and with tears sown the good seed of the kingdom.

A few explanations on one or two points will make the letter better understood.

There are four "castes" in Hindoo society—Bramans, Kshatriyas, Vaisnyas and Sudras—the latter being the lowest caste. The "Mehtars," of whom Mr. Hoskins has spoken, have no caste, they are Pariahs or Outcasts, for whom no man cares, and whom the lordly Brahman will order off the side of the road where he is walking, and whose touch or breath he would consider to be pollution itself.

After having been so long crushed down this class of men are beginning gratefully to recognize the tender charity and glorious truth of our holy faith, which recognizes them as human beings, equal before God and his church with all other men, and entitled to every right and privilege which any one can render. These millions are beginning to find out what Christianity can do for them, and for such a class of men what a Gospel does it contain! Aye, let us freely and earnestly offer them what the high caste Hindoo and proud Mahomedan so generally spurn. Let us "turn to these Gentiles who will hear it" with the message of grace and save them while we may. Our Bibles and our experience have taught us who is our neighbor, and that we "should call no man common and unclean." These "Scythians"—tanners or leather dressers—"Chumars" as they are styled in India, may be saved and become "one in Christ." Our Saviour and primitive Christianity and Methodism, all owned the claims of the outcast and the degraded, "the poor have the gospel preached unto them." Generally it has been the order of God "from the least even unto the greatest." These are the least—less than the least in the estimation of those around them. Be it so, as we can't go lower, let us begin here and make them the foundation on which the redemption of all India shall rest in power and universality.

But I am forgetting what space I am taking up and how long I am keeping you from the letter itself. I will only add that Mr. Hoskins' remark that the Mehtars "are generally better fed than the other castes," is explained by the fact that the high caste Hindoos are vegetarians, never touching animal food, while the Mehtars do eat flesh and are therefore a more muscular and finer looking race of men. Only give them the gospel and education, and they will learn their rights and will assert them like men and Christians, and the Hindoos will be roused to emulation when they see the long oppressed and downtrodden Mehtar race rise above them in intellectual and moral superiority.

Yours, W. BUTLER.

BIJNOUR, ROHILCUND, INDIA, July 27, 1868.

DEAR DR. BUTLER:—I have been, and am, surprised at the mighty upheaval that is going on in Bijnour Zillah. You know that we have been seeking to reach the upper classes by means of schools, and the larger part of our strength has been expended in this direction. But up to this date very little fruit has been gathered from the school; how many conversions have occurred I do not know, certainly none in Bijnour, and none in Moradabad.

Owing to the small number of boys in Bijnour, the strong local and governmental rivalry, and the prevalent fear that all the boys would become Christian if they attend the Mission School, our numbers have been small, even when every teacher was Heathen. Since my arrival I have studied the condition of things, and the impression that the *primal* mission of Methodism to the poor is still its mission, has gained strength day by day. My first experiment was among the Mehtars of Nagina, where we have a flourishing Anglo Vernacular School. I sent an exhorter there to organize a school among them, and to declare the good tidings. Twelve boys are learning to read, and forty soul attend the preaching.

Then I opened a similar work among the Mehtars of this place. Thirty are learning to read, and fifty or sixty attend the daily Bible reading, catechetical instruction and preaching. The whole people say, "we want to be Christians, teach us of God and salvation."

My next effort was at Shallon, seven miles distant, after the often-repeated request, "come, teach us and make us Christians." I gave them an exhorter to declare the way of the Lord, and to teach the boys. The school numbers twenty, and the hearers nearly eighty. The Catechism, Ten Commandments, Apostle's Creed, Lord's Prayer, Hymns, and portions of Scripture, are taught from the beginning.

Lately several delegations have come in here from Keemth-poor, asking for instruction. There are eight hundred souls, all professing a desire to learn of Christ. Soon as possible I shall survey the ground, and if I think best, I shall send the best man I can get to the place. This movement seems to take in the whole Mehtar element of the Zillah. In many respects they resemble the Sandwich Islanders. They know nothing of the Hindoo or Mussalman systems of religion; in fact, they have few or no religious ideas. They are outcasts, have no fellowship with the other classes. They are generally better fed than the other castes, and their business is very lucrative. They live in every city and town of any size, and always are industrious and very obedient. They do not fear the Hindoos and Mahomedans. In fact, without their help the city would be in a sad plight. They learn with great eagerness, and the promise of a full harvest is very encouraging.

You know that such a work is very precarious at first. Something may occur and spoil the whole, but we can only hope for the best, and proceed against the worst. Several of the boys are exceedingly bright. Already one has begun to teach his fellows in a small way. If my plans are not frustrated, and if I am able to carry everything through, as I propose, I shall gather a large Christian element from them, and shall bring in here the more promising of the boys for instruction. This item of instruction is not an insignificant one; heretofore we have given to deserving Hindoo boys scholarships, the total amount, averaging nearly 20 Rs. per month. If the

Mehtar element becomes Christian, I shall turn this and other money from its former Heathen channel, and use it for the education of my Christian boys. The moment that a Mehtar boy enters the school, the other Heathen scholars and Heathen teacher will leave; not a soul of them will remain. The school numbers perhaps fifty regular scholars, of whom ten are Christian. Now I cannot feel satisfied in excluding those who really will add to the strength of the mission in order to keep those who help us not at all.

August 1st.—Since writing the above, the Mehtars have held a grand convention, and discussed the matter of education and Christianity. The whole Zillah was represented, including about 8,000 souls. After long consultation, one of their chief men arose and said: "Those that will take the name of Jesus Christ, remove all idolatry and listen to the teacher, bow the face to the ground!" In a moment every head touched the earth; not a single exception! Here is a grand opening! O for wisdom to direct affairs aright! 8,000 souls open to the truth! What a field!

Yours, R. HOSKINS.

### CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

#### Baptist Church.

We frequently allude to the doings of Baptist Associations; the *Watchman and Reflector* furnishes us with the following in reference to the subject:

These organizations, modern in their origin, grew out of a felt want in the churches; a want, not of legislative assemblies or of judicial courts, but rather of a closer fraternal union for ends purely spiritual; for the cultivation of a better acquaintance among their ministers and members—for the gratification of affections among brethren of a common faith—for the manifestation of reciprocal sympathy in the common trials to which, as a people every where persecuted, they were subjected—for free conference upon questions that enter deeply into the Christian life—for a familiar interchange of views respecting the best methods of prosecuting their aggressive evangelizing work. The end sought was not the centralization of power, but was rather the enlarged "communion of saints," the culture of Christian sodality, the extension and confirmation of the bonds of fraternity, the increase of personal qualifications for efficient service as the Master's co-laborers, and the presentation to the world of a people united by better connectives than any ecclesiastical laws. They were conscious of two tendencies; the one centrifugal, occasioned by a polity ever liable to abuse in the way of excessive isolation; the other centripetal, the product of heart-yearnings under that law which brings the regenerated together by elective affinity. These two tendencies are the great balancing forces that maintain the proper mean between dangerous extremes.

The Canisteo Association, though composed of only twelve churches, embracing a membership of six hundred, determined a year ago to employ a missionary to labor within its bounds. The result of the year's labor has been most satisfactory. The amount pledged to the missionary has been promptly paid, and money left in the treasury to begin next year with, as it is believed that several hundred precious souls have been converted, nearly two hundred having been baptized. Two new churches have been organized, with the promise of vigorous life, and several declining interests greatly revived and strengthened. The effort has been so successful that they are determined to continue the labors of their missionary another year.—*Eva.*

THE NATIONAL BAPTIST.—Dr. Brooks has resigned the editorship of the National Baptist, and has been succeeded by Rev. Lemuel Moss, D.D. This able publication has been enlarged to a full size double sheet, and takes the first rank among Baptist journals.

#### Congregational Church.

The corner-stone of the new church edifice of the First Congregational Church of Albany, was laid last week. Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., former pastor, and Rev. William Smart, the present pastor, delivered addresses. The new building will be of brick with stone trimmings, and will cost about \$125,000, including the ground. It is expected to be finished about the 1st of next May. This important church has a membership of 305, some of whom are among the prominent citizens of Albany, and many of whom are active young Christians.—*Congregationalist.*

EXPENSIVE CHURCHES.—The *Congregationalist* gives the following advice on the subject of building expensive churches: It is sometimes a great mistake for a society, weak in numbers and finances, to attempt to build an expensive church, such as may be wanted after a few years. A much wiser course would be to do as did Dr. Lord's society, thirty years ago, in Buffalo. They built for temporary use a plain edifice, 25 by 75, open to the roof, with a single aisle and seats for 400, costing \$300. Externally it had a rough appearance, but it was nevertheless popular as a religious home. Such a building, made simply convenient and comfortable, is more attractive than a half finished church, and the difficult problem of meeting the cost of a more expensive house is thus postponed till the day of large numbers and means.

There is nothing that has a greater tendency to scare away poor and humble Christians, and would-be Christians, from the church, than the frightful bill of expenses that societies contrive to pile up and saddle themselves with. In the "Pilgrim's Progress," Christian, until he came to the Cross, was burdened with a weary load. Now-a-days, in too many cases, by mismanagement and mistake, it is at the church door that members take up, not lay down, their load, and go groaning about with ten tons of brick and mortar on their backs and a roll of carpet under each arm. The poor man's penny is heavier than the rich man's pound!

WINDSOR, VT.—On the 21st ult. the Congregational Society of Windsor held their first centennial in their church known as the Old South. "The settlement of Windsor," says *The Congregationalist*, "was commenced in 1764. The constitution of the State was framed here in 1777, and for a number of years the Legislature of Vermont held its session here. There are four Evangelical churches in the village, the oldest of which is the Congregational." \* \* \* "The church has had nine pastors, whose pastorates cover seventy-two of the hundred years." The first was Rev. James Wellman, the great grandfather of Rev. Dr. Wellman, of Newton Corner. After him was Rev. David Tollar, afterwards pastor at Milford, Conn. Rev. Bancroft Fowler, for some time Professor at Bangor, and Rev. John Wheeler, afterwards President of the University of Vermont. Eight members of the church have become ministers, one of whom, President Smith, of Dartmouth, was present, and gave a commemorative address.

The South Congregational Church of Middletown, Ct., dedicated on the 24th ult., a new and elegant house of worship, the entire cost of which will amount to \$75,000. Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, preached the sermon.

#### Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. J. B. Dunn was installed pastor of the Presbyterian Society which worships in the church on the corner of Beach Street and Harrison Avenue on the evening of the 30th ult. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Hall, of New York; and remarks were made by Rev. Dr. Kirk and others. On the next evening a social reception and levee was held in the church, at which there was a full attendance. The Society is in a flourishing condition, and embraces many men of eminent piety, ability and substance. Hitherto Boston has proved an unfruitful field for Presbyterianism, as the good people of this city prefer their doctrines in milder and more diluted doses than old-fashioned Presbyterians insist on administering. Without compromising the truth, we believe our excellent brothers have so softened their discipline and modified their standards as to make the church more palatable and acceptable to modern Bostonians.

NEW CHURCH.—A Presbyterian church edifice is to be erected on Berkeley Street on the lot of land between Lawrence and Chandler Streets, by the society of the United Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Alexander Blaikie, D.D., is pastor. Workmen have begun to drive the piles, and the foundations will be completed this fall. In the spring work will be resumed, and it is anticipated that the church will be ready for occupancy in the summer of next year. The church will be a neat structure of brick. About ten thousand dollars are yet needed to complete the subscriptions.

AMERICAN (BOSTON) TRACT SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the American Tract Society held recently, the vote of the Society passed in February last, by which agreement with the New York Society was adopted, was rescinded. The Society has greatly improved its accommodations by securing the lease of the building, No. 164 Tremont Street, to which it is about to remove. The basement of the building will be occupied as a storeroom. The first floor, 25 feet wide and 80 feet long, will be occupied as a sales room and for offices. In the upper story the printing and engraving room will be located.

DEATH OF DEAN MILMAN.—We learn that the Very Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, died at London, Sept. 25th, at the age of 77. The deceased was the youngest son of the late Sir Francis Milman, Bart., physician to George III. He was born in London, Feb. 19, 1791, and was educated at Oxford, where he graduated in due course. In 1817 he took orders, and shortly afterward was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading. He has been a very voluminous writer. "Samor," a heroic poem, appeared in 1818; another poem, "The Fall of Jerusalem," founded on the narrative of Josephus, in 1820. They were followed by "Anne Boleyn," "The Martyr of Antioch," and "Belshazzar." But his literary fame rests chiefly on his great historical works, which belong among the best of this department of English literature. A "History of the Jews," published in 1833; a "History of Christianity," in 1840; a "History of Latin Christianity," in 1855. Other works of Milman are, "Notes and illustrations to Gibbon's Decline and Fall," a "Life of Keats," and "Hebrew Prophecy, a Sermon," published in 1865. He also edited an illustrated review of Horace, with a life of the poet, and was a frequent contributor to *The Quarterly Review*. In 1821 he was elected Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Subsequently he became Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and, in 1849, Dean of St. Paul's. In church questions Dean Milman was one of the leaders of the Broad Church party.

SPEAKING OUT.—There has been an ominous shaking of shillalahs around the office of *The Chicago Evening Post*, beside which the late Aldermanic demonstration against Dr. Hatfield was of no significance. *The Post* has been guilty of stating some plain truths about the steady treason, the world over, of Roman Catholicism to freedom and progress—truths which need to be told, but which few Republican papers have the courage to state. Indeed its facts have hardly been more disagreeable to the Papists than the hot haste with which other journals have repudiated its sentiments has humiliated them. With *The Post's* method of attack we do not sympathize. Any man's religious faith is too sacred for sneers. But its political facts are beyond dispute and we respect its pluck in challenging public attention to them. The Roman Catholics of the country are of all classes the most in the way of every political reform.—*Advance.*

### OUR SOCIAL MEETING.

Our venerable Father Jennison gives some reminiscences of an old preacher about Boston Methodism and Bishop Ames. They are from the pen of Rev. Isaac Searrit, who is now deceased.

As you frequently give us things new and old, I thought I would send you two or three extracts from a long and interesting letter from Rev. Isaac Searrit, dated Joliet, Ill., Co., Illinois, March 31, 1860. Bro. Searrit's first appointment was on old Needham Circuit, in 1807, embracing ten or more towns. Malden was one of them, which led him frequently through Boston. What he says of the city will show in part what Methodism was sixty years ago in Boston. He says George Pickering and Daniel Webb were stationed there this year. Riding along the street on Fast Day, met Bro. Webb. "Bro. Searrit, I am glad to see you. Have you an appointment to-day?" "No." "Well, dismount. I will have your horse put away. We have extra work laid out to-day, it being Fast Day, and we are disappointed in regard to extra help. We want six sermons preached, and only two of us; will you take hold and help us?" "I can try." "Well, it is nearly meeting time. I am going to the new church; you may go with me and preach this morning, and at night at the old one." The church was a spacious building, such as I had never been in, (probably Bromfield St.) and there sat a numerous congregation of city folks, such as I had never addressed. We had just taken our seats when the bells of the city stopped ringing. Bro. Webb in a whisper to me announced it was time to begin. I had hardly time to find a hymn, much less a text to say nothing of a sermon; but I began and read a hymn, and while it was being sung I tried to think of a sermon. I thought Amos said something about fasting, and during the second singing of the hymn I was looking in my Bible. As the singing closed I found the place where fasting was mentioned, got up and read it, and preached. If ever I relied on divine help it was then, and I believe I realized it in some measure. For I heard Bro. Webb say it was a profitable discourse. I heard the first sermon that Bishop Ames preached. It was at Shiloh Camp meeting in Illinois. He had been a tutor in a seminary near that place, and was now entering the gospel ministry. In conversation with him after preaching I remarked that I thought the introduction of his sermon rather diffuse. To which he replied, "It was all introduction, if it was anything." I did not then think, and I suppose that he thought as little, about his being a Bishop.

Somebody sends this word for the "Social Meeting" on

MINISTERIAL LIFE INSURANCE.

I want to speak in this meeting upon a subject that has pressed upon my heart for years. I look round on my acquaintance,

and I see minister's widows and orphans that are left almost penniless, and see them going this way and that to find a friend that will give them a dollar. They go to Conference and stand with open hand and receive perhaps twenty-five per cent. of what the stewards say they ought to have. It is presumed that the ministers who have left these widows and orphans were faithful men, and toiled hard and long for the church, and I saved all they could to help their families in time of need. Still there is one thing that many of them did not do. They did not avail themselves of the benefit of a Life Insurance Policy. I know one who was pressed to do so in the spring and neglected it, who was in his grave in August, and his widow the next spring asked me what she should do, for she did not know where she should live, as she did not feel able to pay her house rent. Another dear good brother minister expressed his regret for neglecting this matter till he was too sick to attend to it. His widow and children are now suffering the consequences. Many more are in the same condition. It is a serious question with me whether a man can neglect a duty so plain as to get his life insured, and so protect his family, and not be guilty, especially in this enlightened age, when in England Life Insurance Companies are assuring on the lives of individuals to the amount of \$1,500,000,000, and in the United States 80 companies are assuring 400,000 lives for an amount of over \$500,000,000, and some of these companies have doubled their business in the past year.

Life Insurance is no new thing, for it is mentioned by French, English and German writers as early as the sixteenth century. The first English Insurance Society was instituted for the benefit of the widows of clergymen and others, in 1693. In 1769 the first effort was made in America by the ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the benefit of the widows and children of clergymen.

Now, why do so many of our ministers neglect it? Why expose a widow and children to poverty, when they can be protected for so small a sum? If any ministers are too poor for this, then the churches ought to pay the expense.

A sick sister sends notes written her by different friends FROM A CAMP GROUND.

As her own soul was watered, so would she fain water others. They are like the dew upon Hermon.

Camp Meeting, Sept. 3.

DARLING H:—We are having a glorious, blessed time. Jesus is here in all our hearts. Glory, glory, to God, is the language of my heart. A. W. has just gone to the altar for prayer. God is here in mighty power. My own heart is blessed, and I am trying to work for Jesus; hope He does own my poor efforts. Glory, glory, all is praise and glory.

Bro. M. says:—Tell H. we are fighting the hosts of hell, and gaining the victory all along the line. Attended about twenty-five camp meetings, but this is the best one to her soul. It is like sitting together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

The most precious Saviour is filling this place with his glory. Hope we shall be able to bring some home for you, and for poor sinners in F. H.

DEAR H:—It seems the Millennium is drawing near. Jesus is precious. O how good. I wish S. could be here. Glory to God. My heart is full. Take care of A. W.; she wants Jesus.

By the grace of God assisting me, I have chosen Jesus to be my portion forever.

This is a blessed place. The Lord is with us. I have thought of you, my dear sister, very, very much, and rejoice that though "sundered far, by faith we meet around one common mercy-seat." It is peace like a river, joy in the Holy Ghost. The Lord bless you, and may his presence all your sick room.

Hold on by faith a little longer. We are rounding the cape, and going into port under full sail. Heaven is in full view.

## THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.  
Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

### WORK FOR THE SEASON.

Corn should be harvested during the fair, bright days, and evenings and in rainy weather. The sooner it can be gathered after it is ripe the better, for the fodder will be more valuable than if left to blacken by the weather. The corn after being husked should be spread out in some dry, airy place, where no rats or other nuisances can get to it.

Celery will need continued cultivation, and will soon have to be earthed up to blanch. It takes longer to accomplish this at this season of the year than when the weather is warmer.

Cauliflowers must be looked after, for they will soon spoil after they come to a head. If you have a surplus they will bring a good price in the market.

Cabbages, if not well advanced, will be improved by having the cultivator run between the rows, stirring up the soil. Strawberries should have a final weeding before winter sets in. Attend to it at your earliest convenience.

Cranberries should be secured before the heavy frosts come, or they will be greatly injured.

Apples should be gathered as fast as possible, beginning with those that ripen first. The autumn winds will soon cause many of them to drop if they are not picked. Don't let any be wasted, for they will all work in somewhere. If fit for nothing else, make them into cider. Sweet apples may be fed to stock, especially to hogs, who are fond of them, both raw and cooked. We have often boiled them with small potatoes, and fed them to the pigs with the addition of a little Indian meal.

Pears, most all varieties, should be picked now. Even the winter varieties, such as Vicar of Wakefield, Lawrence, Winter Nellis, and others that ripen late, will soon have to be gathered to prevent them from falling.

Potatoes, if not already secured, should be as soon as possible.

Rye. It is quite time, and in fact rather late, to sow rye. We like to sow it so that it will get hold well before winter.

Wheat. If one has good land for this crop, let it be tried. We think it could be raised in many localities about as well as rye.

Ploughing may be done to profit any time in the fall. We fully believe in fall ploughing, and always recommend it.

Top-dressing. This is a good time to apply top-dressing to grass. We have known some fields to yield well for thirty years without ploughing, simply because a slight top-dressing was applied every two or three years.

Fuel. If you have not already got in the fuel for winter, lose no time in doing it. Those who have not bought their

coal will have to pay an advance of one or two dollars per ton. Those farmers who burn wood we hope secured a year's stock last winter, and are fully prepared to withstand the coldest winter.

Squashes have probably been all gathered before this, but we would say a word about keeping them. A dry place they must have or they will soon decay. If it is desirable to finish ripening them, let them be put in a warm, as well as dry place; but if they are well ripened, and the only object is to keep them, let the place be cool. The best kinds to keep is the Hubbard and the crookneck squashes.

Manure can be secured, mixed with muck or loam, and piled up for future uses. It often happens that there are odd days when this material can be carted out of the city or village, to save time in more busy seasons. It is one of the very best signs of an enterprising farmer to see good liberal manure piles about the farm.

Canning Fruits. We wish to call the attention of our friends to this subject, for we feel certain they will thank us for it, when during the winter they sit at the tea table enjoying their rich peaches, plums and pears, though it is rather late to secure the best of the two former kinds of fruit. Pears that can now be had in any desirable quantity, are a very delicious fruit to can. They keep well, even the whole year round. We give the method for preserving that we have for years practised in our house: Take good well ripened pears of medium size—the better the flavor the more satisfactory the preserve—peel carefully, boil in water till soft, then add one fourth as much refined sugar as fruit by measure, boil a few minutes, then take out the pears singly with fork or spoon, and drop into the glass jar until closely packed; then fill up the jar with the hot liquor, being careful to put it in slowly for fear of breaking the jar. Seal immediately, and set away in a cool place. If this rule is properly observed the fruit will be white, the liquid clear, and the whole very nice indeed, equal to the best imported French preserves.

The Grape Crop. The two past seasons have been very unfavorable at the North for the grape crop, so that many who engaged in it have been disappointed at the results. A cold, wet season is always very bad for grape vines. They will not flourish under such circumstances, and even if the vines grow, the crop is poor, often proving an entire failure. A dry, hot season is the one for grapes at the North. The vines never seem to suffer much from exposure to severe drouth, but do suffer from excessive drouth. Grape vines should, if possible, be planted on dry, gravelly, or other well drained land, on a southern slope, well sheltered from the cold winds of the north and northeast. We find that there is a difference of a week or more in favor of the fruit on vines, so sheltered. We cannot expect sweet fruit after such a cold autumn as we have had, except it may be that grown on a brick wall or in some sheltered nook near buildings. The weather now seems to be favorable, for we have had no frosts severe enough to kill the vines, and if we have a succession of fine October days, the crop of grapes may yet be rendered eatable. It is better to leave the fruit as long as possible, and then if the weather comes out so cold that there is danger of a freeze, put on force enough to secure the crop. Those who wish to keep grapes for winter use will select those varieties that have a thick, tough skin, such as Diana, Rogers, Hybrids, Creveling. Never attempt to keep the Concord in this way; the skin is so thin that it will not remain good. Grapes to be kept should be packed in thin layers, boxes or jars, when perfectly dry, and put away in a cool, dry place.

## THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

REV. K. HADLEY was born in Rumney, N. H., Nov. 5, 1814. He was converted at the age of 14 years. After a long struggle with conscience, in June, 1842, he commenced to preach under the direction of Bro. C. D. Caboon, P. E., and that year labored on Warren Circuit, which included five or six towns. In 1843 he joined the N. H. Conference, and was stationed at Enfield. He also filled the following appointments: Walpole, Richmond and Hissdale, Lempster, Haverhill, and North Haverhill, Gilmanston, Farmington and Milton, Hudson, Peterboro' and Epping. In 1856 he was transferred to the Vermont Conference, and stationed as follows: Wardsboro', Springfield, Proctorsville, Athens, Groton, Hardwick, and Albany. At several of these appointments there were glorious revivals, especially at Proctorsville and Groton. At the latter place the church doubled its members. Also on Warren Circuit, one hundred and twenty-five were converted. In 1867, Bro. Hadley was stationed at Lunenburg; March 14th, he went to West Concord to exchange with Bro. A. T. Bullard. On the 15th, he preached in the morning, was suddenly taken ill at noon, and died in peace, March 24th. His remains were carried to Rumney, and buried March 29th. Bro. A. T. Bullard preached an able and comforting sermon on the Resurrection, from Col. iii. 4. Bro. Hadley was a man of solid yet genial piety, one of the most lucid expositors of scriptural truth, and an unwavering Christian friend. His careful study of the Greek and Hebrew scripture text made him one of the most interesting preachers of the Conference, and many of his sermons will long live in the memory of the churches where he has labored. He has gone "over" just before us. He standeth there beckoning us "onward and upward." In a letter before me from Sister Hadley, she speaks of the great kindness manifested to her by Bro. Bullard during the sickness and burial of her husband; and further says, "I feel very greatly afflicted; still the Lord sustains me. I have always loved the itinerancy, but my dear husband has taken his last appointment, a very good one. I have no doubt of his happiness. My heart is bleeding, but the Lord is pouring in the balm to heal the wound."

I. LUCE.

REV. GEORGE LINCOLN died in Hingham, his native town, Jan. 24, 1868, in the 71st year of his age.

At the age of 14 he went to Boston to learn the sail-maker's trade, and was soon after converted in the Bennett Street Church, under the labors of Rev. J. N. Maffit. In 1818 he returned to Hingham, at which time under the faithful ministrations of Father Taylor the first Methodist class in this town was organized, and Bro. Lincoln was appointed leader. Ambitious to see his class prosper he spared no labors to promote its interests. Realizing the importance of education in the promotion of the cause of God he gave himself to study. At night when all other buildings were dark, a light was still seen burning in his shop where he was engaged till a late hour studying the word of God. He was licensed and ordained a local preacher, and for nearly fifty years preached the gospel as he saw opportunity. He felt especially called to go out into the by ways and hedges, and so faithful was he in his work that no out of the way neighborhood within many miles of his

home could be found in which he had not faithfully preached the word of life. During a long period of his life he was well and favorably known as a business man. He had lived well and died in peace. A large concourse of people attested their appreciation of his worth by attending his funeral, all the clergy of the place taking part in the services. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." East Weymouth, September 22. W. V. MORRISON.

BRO. EDWARD B. WESTON died in Duxbury, Sept. 26th, aged 66.

Bro. W. was converted and joined the church in this place, under the labors of Bro. Moses Chase, in 1833. From the beginning he fully consecrated himself and all he had to God and his holy service; and what he then laid upon the altar of God, he never took off. He filled the offices of trustee, steward and class leader, and always with faithfulness and ability. He was always in his place in the house of God on the Sabbath, in the prayer meeting, in the class room and in the meeting for business; in all of which he literally "stood up for Jesus," as a witness of his truth, and as a confessor of Christ before men. Truly, he was not ashamed of Christ or of his words, and this was one of his consolations in his last moments. Our brother died as he had lived, making a liberal bequest to the church of his choice and of his love, in his last will and testament; and his last words to me were, "All is right." He departed amid the tears and regrets of the church, and respected by his numerous friends and acquaintance.

The losses of this church by death have been very great for more than two years past, so that we exclaim with the Psalmist, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Bro. W. leaves a wife and children to mourn his loss. May they find grace to follow him, as he also followed Christ. S. W. COGGSHALL.

WARREN PUTMAN PROCTOR died in East Saugus, Aug. 9, aged 24 years.

Two years ago, at Asbury Grove Camp Meeting, he became interested in the subject of religion. He went forward for prayers and was converted. Two years experience proved the genuineness of the work of grace in his heart. The change wrought in his life was another exemplification of the power of the grace of God. Seldom absent from the means of grace, his testimony was always direct, brief and clear with reference to his acceptance with God through Jesus Christ. His sickness was severe and painful, with only occasionally lucid moments. A day or two before he passed away he awoke from his partial stupor, and though he had not been able to speak for sometime, he now sang the stanza,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

Turning to his father he said, "I have got the victory." From the commencement of his sickness he was impressed with conviction that he should never recover, and the only desire he expressed to live was on his mother's account. The Christian life and peaceful death of this young disciple, and the rich consolation which the afflicted parents, furnish additional evidence of the utility of camp meetings. God will be praised forever for Hamilton Camp meeting.

PLINY WOOD.

SOPHIA C. GRAY, wife of Henry L. Gray, died in Unity, N. H., Aug. 6, aged 39 years. She was converted and joined the M. F. Church in 1831; and from the time of her conversion until her death she exemplified a Christian character. During her illness she was perfectly resigned to the will of God. Her countenance was always beautified with the spirit of Christ, and when I visited her room I felt like saying with Jacob, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

Two days before her death a few of her friends met with her to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper (her aged mother also received the ordinance of baptism), after which was sung,

"There are angels hovering around."

While we were singing she clasped her hands and cast her eyes heavenward and smiled, as if her vision already could behold the angelic host. When she was dying her sister asked her if she thought she was dying. She said, "I am afraid I am not, but I am willing to wait." Then she said, "Let me go, take me, Jesus; take me, Jesus." N. H. H. WILLIAMS.

## THE SECULAR WORLD.

A FEARFUL DISASTER.—The propeller Perseverance, of the Welland Railway line, took fire fifteen miles off Putneyville, at two o'clock on the morning of the 6th. Within a few minutes after the discovery of the fire, the propeller was completely enveloped in flames. Only one of her boats could be launched (the other two being on fire), in which the two mates, two men and a boy put off. There were nineteen persons on board—fourteen of whom, including the captain, perished in the flames. The propeller Enterprise, of the same line, was about fifteen miles astern of the Perseverance, and she picked up the boat containing the persons above named, and arrived with them at this port this afternoon. The Enterprise remained near the burning steamer until daylight, at which time the wreck was still afloat. The captain's son, who was the first mate, is among the saved. The cargo of the Perseverance consisted of 20,147 bushels of corn. Both boat and cargo were insured. This is one of the most heart-rending accidents that has ever occurred on Lake Ontario, and has cast a gloom over the whole community.

MORE RIOTING.—From a special dispatch to The Tribune we learn that there has been rioting in Opelousas. It was begun by three rebel Democrats, who had undertaken to chastise Mr. Bentley, editor of the St. Landry Progress, in presence of the school he teaches.

Mr. Bentley applied for a warrant and it was granted, but before the officer attempted to execute it, a force of armed men took possession of the town, and sailing forth began the work of slaughter, firing upon and killing every known Republican they encountered.

The New Orleans Bulletin says that one hundred negroes were killed and fifty wounded, and that but four of the assailants were wounded and none killed. The mob, after rioting in the streets, entered the office of The Progress, and threw the type and presses into the street. They then drove its French editor, Mr. Durand, into the woods and lynched him. The foreman of the office was ordered to quit the town, and to save his life he came to New Orleans on the 4th. The rebels desire to drive away or kill every outspoken Republican in the Opelousas district.

The Progress was established by Mr. Vidal, member of the present Congress. The Republicans are flying from St. Landry parish, fearing assassination if they dwell there another day.

The New Orleans Crescent says that Radicalism is done for in the St. Landry Parish, at least for this Presidential election.

The New Orleans Times publishes an account of the affair at Shreveport, in which three Democrats and fifteen Republicans were killed.

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Oct 1

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Sept. 14, 1868.

Oct 8

41